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The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

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Photo *Boissonnas and Taponier*

H.H. THE PRINCESS MARIE BONAPARTE

Whose engagement to Prince George of Greece has been officially announced

No. 197.—Vol. XV.

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. **GAMES AND PASTIMES.**

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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MLLE. ADELINE GENÉE, Première Danseuse.
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"Painted Shadows." By Richard Le Gallienne. (John Lane: 6*s.*)

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada 1*d.* (under 1 lb.). To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

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Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday September 11, 1907

It is not the case that—owing to the more realistic nature of the warfare in Germany—all war correspondents have been withdrawn from Morocco to follow the Kaiser's manœuvres.

* * *

Doubts are still being freely expressed as to which Sultan is likely to make his Moroccan subjects happier. Mulai Hafid has the greater determination, but Abd-el-Aziz is the finer operator with the phonograph.

* * *

Professor Munsterberg's anti-fibbing apparatus is still causing a marked sensation in the halfpenny Press. Even Free Trade journals think that a machine like this, which practically extorts the truth, ought not to be dumped in this country.

* * *

American matrons are still more angry with the Professor. They feel that the little Washingtons of the future will henceforward get no real credit for their inability to tell a lie. The little Washingtons themselves feel that they would be happier without the machine.

* * *

The French may have the finest dirigible balloon in the world, but the Germans have now the finest dirigible balloon-shed. It is an invention of Count Zeppelin's, and it floats—in the air. It is the only floating balloon-shed—as well as being the finest—and it is made dirigible, in order that dirigible balloons may enter it more easily. For, of course, one cannot rely on a dirigible balloon going the way it is directed, and, naturally, it makes things simpler for the balloon if its shed can come after it.

* * *

Whether balloons in war-time are useful or not has yet to be decided. But, in the event of a war suddenly breaking out between France and Germany, it would at least be interesting to see if *La Patrie* (as the French balloon is called) could capture the German balloon-shed, or whether the shed would turn the tables and capture *La Patrie*.

* * *

While on this subject of military balloons, we may as well confirm the rumour that England is not so behindhand after all, but also has her very own dirigible balloon. The secret has been very well kept, and, indeed, may still be called a secret, inasmuch as the balloon has not yet been tested, and may not respond to its helm after all. Still, that is neither here nor there. Whether it works or not, it will have been a capital secret.

* * *

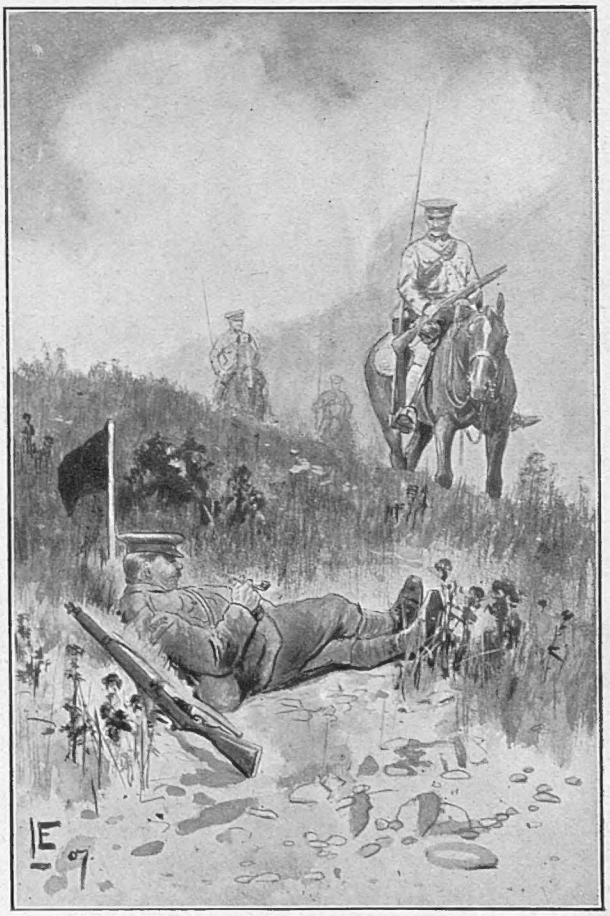
Rats and dogs, according to a contemporary, are among the impedimenta of the modern burglar, who shoves them through the window (before entering himself) to see if an alarm-bell is fixed in the house or not. Timid householders, however, should make certain that they hear the terriers as well as the rats before sending for the police.

* * *

That was a pretty story from Marienbad about the one-legged beggar who, hearing that it was the King who had presented him with a coin, said that, had he recognised his Majesty, he would have gone down on his one knee to thank him. Perhaps it is unkind to state that, in the opinion of many professional one-legged beggars, this attitude could not be assumed without revealing the whereabouts of the other leg.

* * *

Owing to a panic in Wall Street, two thousand Americans are said to have sold their automobiles in



During the Manœuvres

("Skeleton troops are denoted by red flags")
Manual of Infantry Training

LANCER (to fat Infantryman): "You're my prisoner—we're three to one!"

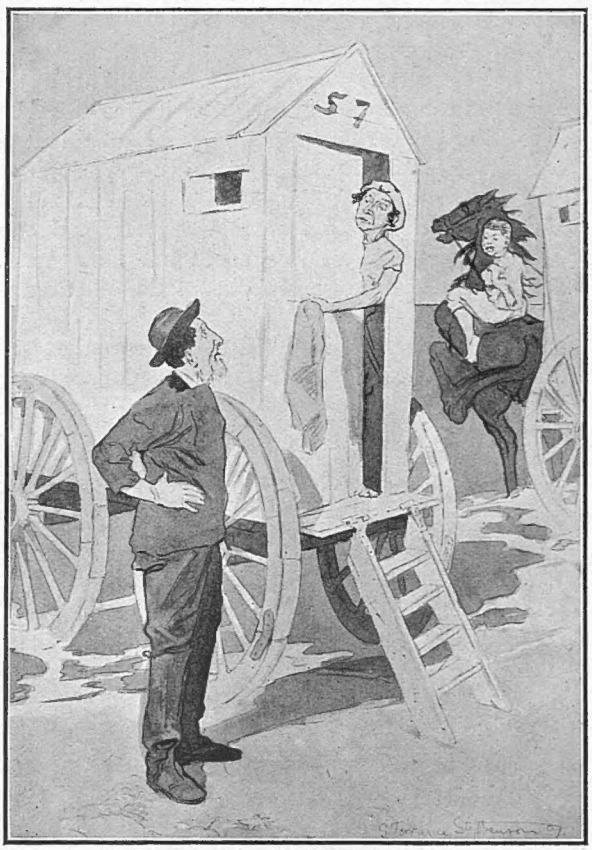
INFANTRYMAN: "T'other way round, my son, you're mine! Don't you see that flag? I'm a whole blooming battalion—skeleton enemy!"

BY LIONEL EDWARDS

the last few weeks. "This," writes "Country Clergyman," "is what I call true chivalry, and I only wish English motorists would copy it. In the street in which I live there is a constant panic when motors pass through, yet the drivers only smile and dash on."

* * *

Before preaching at St. Peter's Church, Cricklewood, a clergyman asked the congregation to refrain from making too frequent use of their pocket-handkerchiefs during his sermon, as it annoyed a nervous preacher. Yet surely even a nervous preacher would rather his congregation used pocket-handkerchiefs than anything else?



A Matter of Taste

FAIR (?) BATHER (*to Bathing Machine Man*): "I can't use this towel, my man. It's all wet and sandy"

"Well, Mum, none of the other parties as complained"

(By G. T. STEPHENSON)

What is one to drink? If one drinks whiskey one is called a slave; if one drinks cocoa one is to all intents and purposes a slaver. These are horrid alternatives, and we sympathise with those who are addicted to cocoa. It is better, in our opinion, to be a slave than a slaver; but there is no real reason why a man who wants to quench his thirst should feel either. We hope some enlightened person will show us something that we can drink without pangs of conscience, or, indeed, pangs of any kind.

* * *

The whole sustenance question is far too much with us. Here, for example, is a certain Dr. Bell deliberately stating to a Press representative that a suitable luncheon for a full-grown man is "an onion, a few carrots, and some lettuce ground up fine in a mincing machine, and eaten with a little cheese." It may be a suitable luncheon theoretically, but in practice we know that after a few such luncheons we should undoubtedly want to add Dr. Bell, if handy, to the menu.

* * *

A correspondent of the *Daily Graphic* suggests that "inasmuch as the inappropriateness of the dress of many ladies of the present day is a serious public hindrance to the enjoyment of things beautiful, a bureau of taste should be formed, where ladies of education should advise their fellow-creatures how to dress to the best advantage." It is a bold and humane idea, and we wish it success. But, of course, women do not always agree with one another as to what they should wear, and in view of possible differences of opinion we offer the suggestion that the bureaucrats themselves should wear football caps and chain-armour.

* * *

The partridge and oyster season synchronise so admirably that—in view of the fact that partridge-shooting is hardly worth paragraphing this year—we suggest that reports of oyster hunts should take their place. The thing could be done in this wise:

Colonel Forbes-Wilkinson and a party of seven disposed of 1,400 brace on the 7th inst. The sport was good, and the oysters quite up to the usual size for the time of year.

Alderman Jenkins, who has rented Lord Fitzmander's table at the Carlton for the season, brought down 700 brace on the 7th, 850 on the 8th, and 1,122 on the 9th. Mr. Jenkins had one other with him on the 7th, and two others on the 8th and 9th. This is good oystering.

Rain and disease having spoilt the natives round Bandwitch, Major Sir Arthur Borage has imported several hundred barrels of Dutch shells. These yielded excellent results to a party of three on the 5th. Sir Arthur has not been out since.

* * *

Our contemporary *The Tribune* is, we notice, devoting a space daily to a selection of extracts entitled "The Other Side: What the Unionists are Saying." Among these is one from the *Daily Express*, which reads:

> "We must recognise that the sailor is a man, and a modern man."

For a Liberal journal to give publicity to such violent expressions of partisan Toryism in its own columns is, indeed, emblematic of the Quixotic spirit of modern journalism.

"THE BYSTANDER'S" WEATHER "TIPS"

Wednesday, Sept. 11, to Tuesday, Sept. 17, inclusive.

WEATHER ANTICIPATION FOR THE BRITISH ISLES AND NEIGHBOURHOOD.

There appears no prospect of settled weather this week. Temperature also will be very variable:—

Wednesday, 11th, Thursday, 12th, and Friday, 13th: Unsettled, rainy, chilly.

Saturday, 14th: Unsettled, colder.

Sunday, 15th, and Monday, 16th: Unsettled, but warmer.

Tuesday, 17th: Cooler again and showery, with fair intervals.

The Same Thing

HE: "So you were never in love?"
SHE: "Why no! But I've been engaged to *heaps* of men who were"

BY A. K. MACDONALD

The Concours Hippique at Spa

SOME FINE FOUR-IN-HANDS AND A SPLENDID JUMP

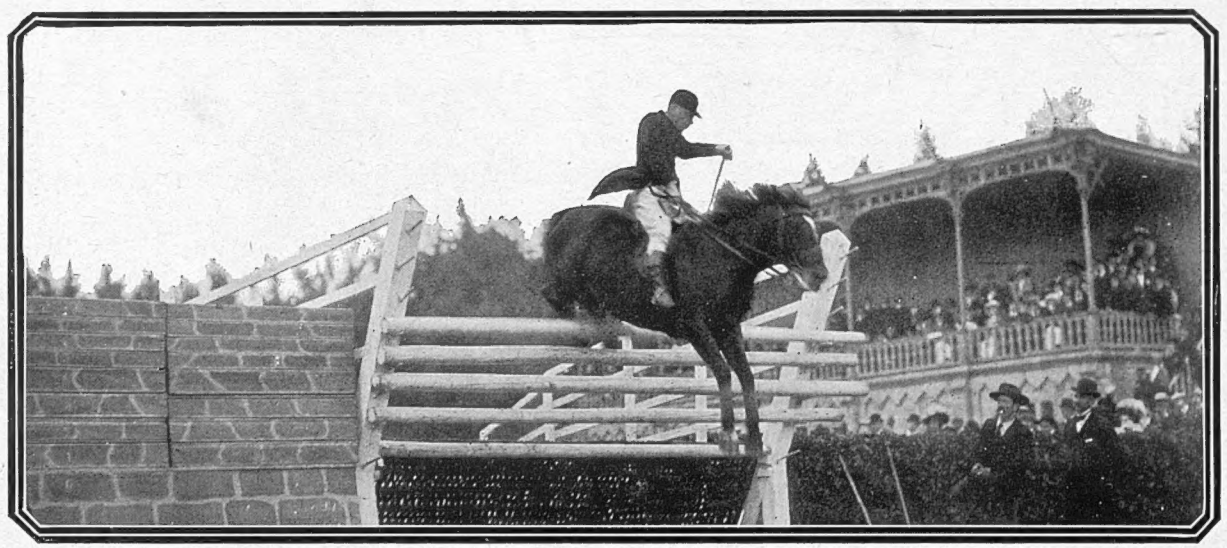
H.R.H. the Princess Clémentine of Belgium arriving on the Course, accompanied by Mr. Walter Winans
In the background are Baron Goffinet, General Daelman, and the Comtesse de Bassompière

Photos

Astonishing the Natives!
A four-in-hand turns the corner in fine style, to the "Bravos!" of the crowd

Gautier, Bruss.ls

A Bevy of Four-in-Hands
The procession of coaches was well appointed, and shows that England is by no means unrivalled in this direction



The Jump of the Season
"Lady Belle," owned by Mr. Walter Winans and ridden by a French officer, Captain Champsavin, makes a splendid jump of 7 ft. 6 in., being 12 inches higher than was needed to win the First Prize

St. Leger Week: The Royal Stand at Doncaster (with Royal occupant)

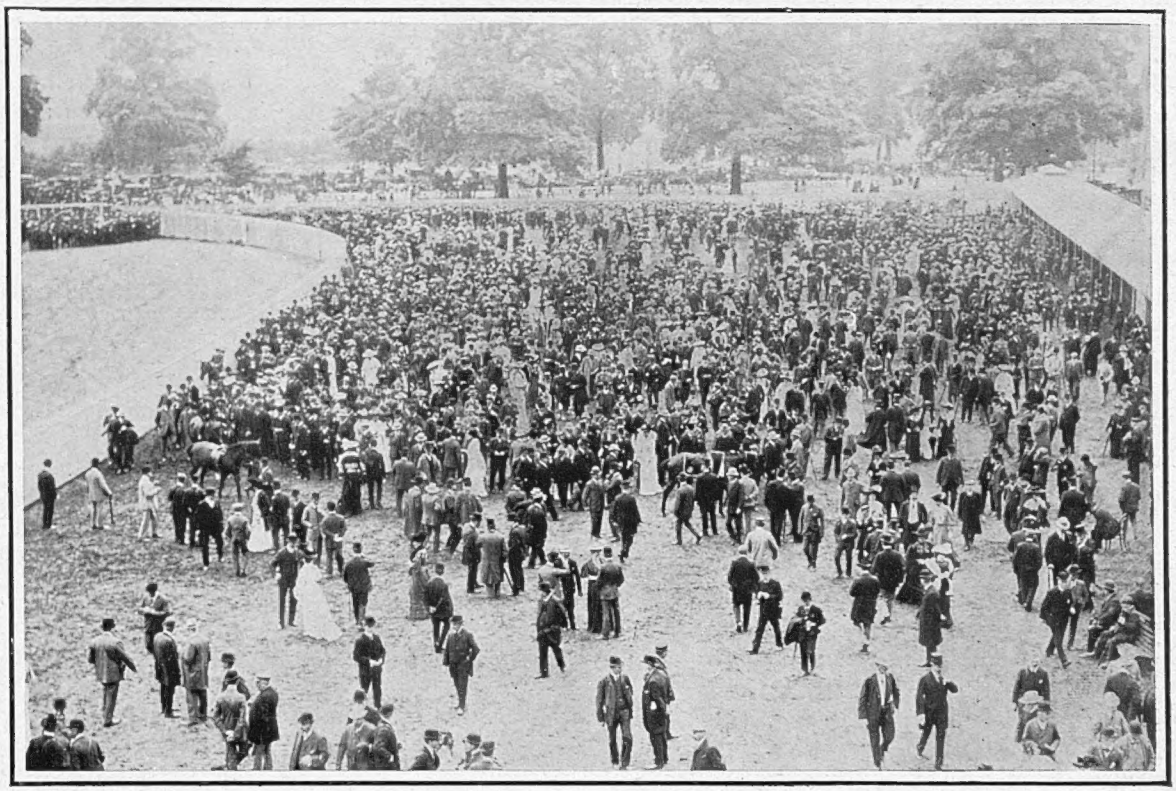
Racing Brains

The brains of the average race-goer, thanks to an ever-thoughtful Providence, are not built on a highly intellectual or highly nervous plane. Monotony is their great safeguard. Variety might galvanise them into thought. Then shocks would ensue. To them the sameness of the average race-meeting, the eternal procession from paddock to enclosure, from enclosure to paddock, the little visit to the bookies, the awful din of the ring, the deadly inanities of their fellow-men and the unutterable vanities of their fellow-women, are all a necessary and quite pleasing aspect of that social circle which is the only one in which they are fitted to revolve. And there is always the joy of having a little on. The lower the intellectual capacity, the higher the development of that lowest and strongest of human passions—gambling. The monkey is a confirmed gambler. He will stake his newest wife on an extra nut. His descendants will, if necessary, do the same on horses or on the cards.

* * *

Doncaster

In the Doncaster racing, however, there is an element of variety, thanks to the great sport-loving, enthusiastic Yorkshire contingent. The keenness of the Yorkshireman, his immense numbers, his Yorkshire roar when a popular favourite romps home in the St. Leger, his good-nature, and his wit! All is delightful. But it is not a bit smart. It is much too spontaneous, too natural. Apart from the great crowd which blackens the vast Town Moor and the big public stands, there are many different enclosures which contain the racing set proper. There is quite a line of stands—the Lincoln Stand, the County Stand, the Noblemen's Stand, the Private Stand, and the Ladies' Stand. The Royal box stands in a bend of the line, and is adjacent to the Ladies' Stand, which is exclusive enough and smart enough to satisfy the most exigent of *mondaines*. It has a big awning and a little lawn, which serves the purpose of a Royal enclosure. The paddock at Doncaster is delightful, and seldom overcrowded, a pound being charged for admission. The course itself is always of a glorious, gleaming greenness, smooth and soft, the Doncastrians having been kept off it for many months before the great week, and the approach to the course from the railway station, two miles distant, is through the steep Bennetthorpe Avenue, a wide road lined with fine elm and lime trees.



St. Leger Week: The scene on the course at Doncaster

On the day of the St. Leger (September 11, of this year of grace) Doncaster is the resort of the Monarch of these realms, some dukes and earls, many barons, scores of noble dames, hundreds of esquires, and positively thousands of faithful lieges (with a bit on) from all parts of the kingdom, especially the county of Yorkshire, wherein the meeting is held

The Rising Royal Generation

Annual Visitants

There is always a great diversity of dress at Doncaster. No one ever seems to know quite what to wear. Last year, remembering Goodwood, the majority turned up in country clothes. The King, however, and his party, and the male occupants of the Noblemen's and Ladies' Stands, wore the silk hat and frock-coat of Ascot. This year, the majority will be silk-hatted, but it is quite on the cards that the King, who is as changeable in things sartorial as the Queen in matters social, will appear in a brown or grey morning coat. Doncaster parties have been said always to divide themselves sharply into three classes: the smart, the serious, and the stately. In the case, however, of the party from Rufford, which includes the King, the stately and the serious are "minutely mixed." Unmixed stateliness may be said to come from Wentworth, Lord Fitzwilliam's princely home. Seriousness comes with Lord and Lady Halifax from Hickleton, and Lord and Lady Galway from Serlby; and the smart and gay contingent, among its many adherents, has Lord and Lady Scarborough from Sandbeck, where Lady Londonderry often puts up for the race week, the Arthur Wilsons, who, from Tranby Croft, bring a merry party, the Arthur and the Rupert Becketts always surrounded by a cheery crowd.

* * *

Lord Dunmore

It appears that I was misinformed, in a recent paragraph concerning the new Lord Dunmore, in stating that his lordship was, like the late Earl, a Christian Scientist. I now understand that neither Lord nor Lady Dunmore belong to that sect, and as some inconvenience may be caused to them by this erroneous statement, I hasten to correct it.

* * *

Games and Gatherings

The Braemar Gathering, which took place last week on Deeside, quite near to the scene of the raising of the Jacobite standard in "the Fifteen," is commonly supposed to be representative of the great feudal element of ancient Scottish life. The "Balmoral Highlanders" and the "Duff Highlanders," the Gordons and the Farquharsons, take part. The Gordons and the Farquharsons, of course, are genuine old Highland clans. Major Farquharson of Invercauld, the chief of the latter, is a member of the famous Clan Chattan, which once owned the whole of the district from the Pass of Ballater to the top of Ben Macdhui, and from the Donside Border to the head of Glen Ogilvie. But the Balmoral and Duff Highlanders owe allegiance to no chief.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

A Group of Young Royalties (snapshotted at the Braemar Gathering)

On the right, the little Princes of Wales and Princess Mary, chatting with their uncle, the Duke of Fife. On the left, the Princesses Alexandra and Maud, daughters of the Princess Royal

The Late Colonel FitzGeorge

A Royal romance, quite the most interesting of the Victorian era, is recalled by the death, last week, at an hotel in Lucerne, of Colonel FitzGeorge. In 1847, the year of the great famine in Ireland, the Duke of Cambridge, cousin of Queen Victoria, married, by special licence at St. John's, Clerkenwell, the burlesque actress, Miss Louisa Fairbrother. She passed as Mrs. FitzGeorge, and the eldest of the three sons born to her was the Colonel FitzGeorge whose death has just taken place. The match was, of course, morganatic, and Mrs. FitzGeorge never went to Court. But the Queen, who corresponded so constantly with her cousin, always took an interest in her, and caused frequent inquiries to be made about her during her illness. She was very beautiful, and the Duke was always devoted to her. Unfortunately, for six years before and two years after his marriage the Duke ceased writing in his diary. We have, therefore, no actual record of the events which led up to his *mésalliance*.

* * *

The Bane of Beauty

Even beauty, it seems, has its disadvantages. The Countess of Warwick finds that her possession of that priceless gift is wont to militate against her being taken seriously. She has done all that a plain woman might do to win fame. For years she has stood on tubs in unsavoury neighbourhoods spouting Socialism; she refused to drive "in my satins" to the opening of Parliament, and sent £15 to the Unemployed Fund instead; she sold her jewels to support the Socialist cause at the General Election; she has taken up the "back to the land" problem; yet, with it all, her ladyship is chiefly remembered by the people whose lot she seeks to improve as a great lady of title, who looks very pretty and wears wonderful fairy frocks. "I suppose," said Lady Warwick, to her audience of Socialists last week at Bath—"I suppose you have come here to give your support to the resolution in favour of the medical inspection of children?" "Oh, no, we haven't," came a voice from the audience, "we've come to see you!"

* * *

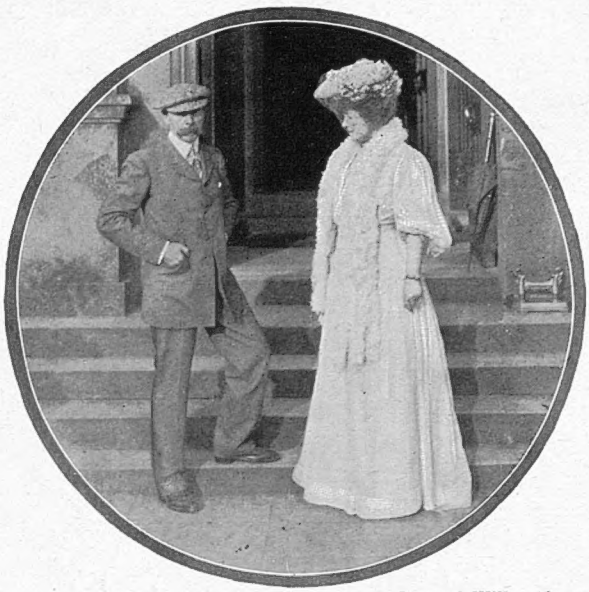
A Collateral of Byron

Lord Byron, who was in bed and asleep on board Mr. R. P. Houston's steam yacht, *Eros*, when she was foundered by the steam collier, *Knightsgarth*, in Southampton Water last week, is a collateral descendant of the poet. It would have been, however, to say the least of it, a coincidence had he been forced to emulate his ancestor's feat and swim the Hellespont!

Royalty's Autumn Manœuvres

Photos

The King's Bedroom at Rufford Abbey
Where he is staying during Doncaster week



Leonard Willoughby

Lord and Lady Savile
As usual, his Majesty's hosts for the Doncaster Race week

Photo] **Rufford Abbey, Lord Savile's beautiful Nottingham seat** *[D. Knights-Whittome*

Returning from Marienbad on Friday, His Majesty spent the week-end in London before proceeding to Rufford Abbey as the guest of Lord and Lady Savile for the Doncaster Races. The Prince of Wales, after a week at the Mackintosh's seat, Moy Hall, is this week shooting with the Duke of Richmond at his Elgin seat, Gordon Castle. During his visit, the usual shooting programme will be varied by fishing in the waters of the Spey

Photo *Langfier, 23a, Old Bond Street*

The Prince's Hostess: Lady Helen Gordon-Lennox
The daughter of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon

Gordon Castle, Lochabers, where the Prince of Wales is now the guest of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon

A King of Little Music

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

A Peer now—but still a Commoner

Earl Winterton (formerly Viscount Turnour). Though a "peer," his late father's title to which he has succeeded was an Irish one, like that of Lord Curzon. The irrepressible young man will, therefore—much to the delight of the Irish Party—remain in the Commons

The poet, Lord Byron, left only one child, the "Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart," who had, owing to her mother, Lady Byron's not unnatural prejudice, and also to the fact that such poetry as Byron's was anathema maranatha for the young girl of the day, at the age of eighteen, never read a single line of her father's poetry. Her direct descendant, the great-granddaughter of the poet, is the pretty and cultured Lady Mary Milbanke. Mr. Houston, the owner of the sunken yacht, is the well-known Liverpool ship-owner, head of the Houston Line, and member for West Toxteth, Liverpool.

* * *

A Great Composer Gone

The unexpected death of a very great little man, Dr. Edvard Grieg, caused a very general pang of sorrow throughout the musical world, and also among those who are only casually interested in the divine art. It was only last Spring that the charming Norwegian composer was delighting audiences at the Queen's Hall, and his visit to London next month had been confidently counted upon. It is difficult to believe that Grieg was sixty-four, for his music is modern among the moderns. It is certainly the newest note in the art. Working altogether on a smaller scale than his great contemporaries, Wagner, Brahms, and Tchaikovsky, Grieg is probably as enduring a name in the history of music as any of them, for his music touched the heart and appealed to the public as keenly as that of any composer of any time. Britain has, further, some special reason to be interested in Grieg, for is he not of Scottish descent, his great-grandfather having been an Aberdonian who emigrated to Norway to escape from the political consequences of his sympathy with Bonnie Prince Charlie? Indeed, there is very considerable resemblance between the Scandinavian and Scottish musical idiom, and I remember once attending an open-air concert at which my next neighbour was a mother, obviously Scottish, accompanied by her small laddie in kilts. When the band started the opening movement of *Peer Gynt*, the latter became wildly excited and threatened to dance a reel. Probably that famous suite is Grieg's most universally popular composition. The last movement would stir the blood of the coldest of creatures. As to his other music, classical taste will prefer his Concertos and Sonatas, but the public will be fonder of his little pianoforte pieces and his truly exquisite songs, of which "Ich liebe dich" which will probably survive as long as any composition of any composer, as a fine expression of true, spiritual passion in music. Grieg's death leaves a serious blank in the world of music. He may be said to be the last of the great nineteenth-century geniuses. Modern composers are so ambitious, and essay the grandiose to such an extent, that the lesser forms are almost entirely neglected.

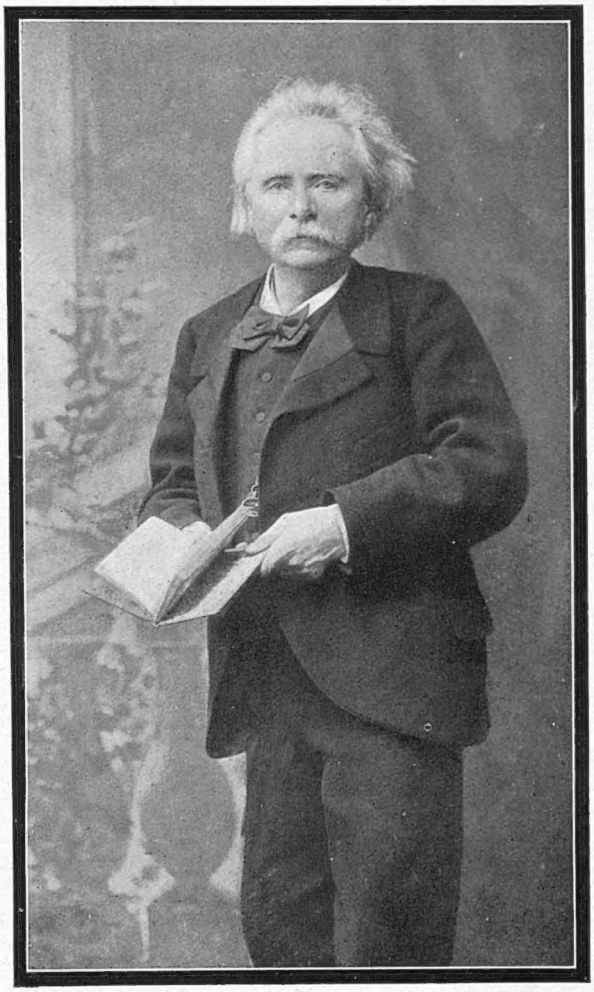
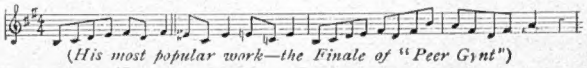


Photo *Thomson*

The late Dr. Edvard Grieg

Who died at Bergen on the 4th, aged 64, was probably the greatest surviving composer. His death is lamented all over the world

(His most popular work—the Finale of "Peer Gynt")

Warming Up to Her New Rôle

THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK AT THE TRADE UNION CONGRESS AT BATH

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

Lady Warwick's latest exertions in the cause of Socialism were at the opening meetings of the Trade Union Congress at Bath—"that city of villadom and capitalism," as she termed it. "Conversion by propaganda" is now her ladyship's advice to the elect of Socialism, for the redemption of those at present outside the pale

A Greco-French Alliance

Edison's Breakdown

The report of Edison's breakdown in health is sad news for the world at large, for quite apart from the debt that mankind owes him for his multitudinous inventions, it is always pathetic to see the worker—the man whose life is his work and whose work is his life—put on the shelf. The story of Edison's career is common knowledge. He rose from newsboy to telegraph operator, and so on up the path of fame. An indefatigable worker, he seldom sleeps more than three or four hours in the twenty-four when working out a problem in connection with any of his inventions. When engaged in his laboratory, the world outside the four walls of the building is as far away to him as the Martians are to us at present, though, if his researches continue much further, who shall say that in the future even these mystical beings of another world may not be made known to us? He was intensely annoyed some years ago at what at first seemed an unaccountable interruption while deeply engrossed in some intricate piece of work, quite oblivious of the fact that at a neighbouring church was a bride, a clergyman, and a party of friends waiting expectantly for him, the bridegroom, who was so busy that he forgot it was his wedding day!

* * *

The Youth of Edison

Even in his newsboy days Edison's brain worked scientifically. He cajoled the guard on whose train he daily travelled to allow him to conduct his chemical experiments on the floor of the luggage-van while the train on which he sold his newspapers was making its daily journeyings. One day, by an accident, he upset some corrosive fluid on the floor. The guard, in a rage, seized the boy's bottles and jars and flung them out of the window. Then, brutally, he turned to the child, and, seizing him by his ears, lifted him clean off his feet. The action broke Edison's ear-drums, and he became deaf for life.

* * *

Searching and Finding

Curiously enough, Edison always hates the offspring of his brains. The telephone, which, though not its actual inventor, he greatly improved, he never uses, and as for the talking machine—that not altogether unmixed blessing which he has launched upon the world—he fights shy of it as far as his experiments will allow him, for he has recently been effecting some improvements in his invention. Apropos of the phonograph, however, it is interesting to note that this is the only discovery that the great inventor came upon by chance. All his other work—and the number of devices he has patented runs well into four figures—was the result of long and arduous research.

Prince George of Greece
The betrothal of whom to Princess Marie Bonaparte has recently been announced

Photo *Mayall*
The Late Colonel FitzGeorge
The eldest son of the late Duke of Cambridge. His death recalls his father's romantic marriage with Miss Fairbrother, the beautiful dancer, for which act he was never forgiven by Queen Victoria

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Edison's Laboratory

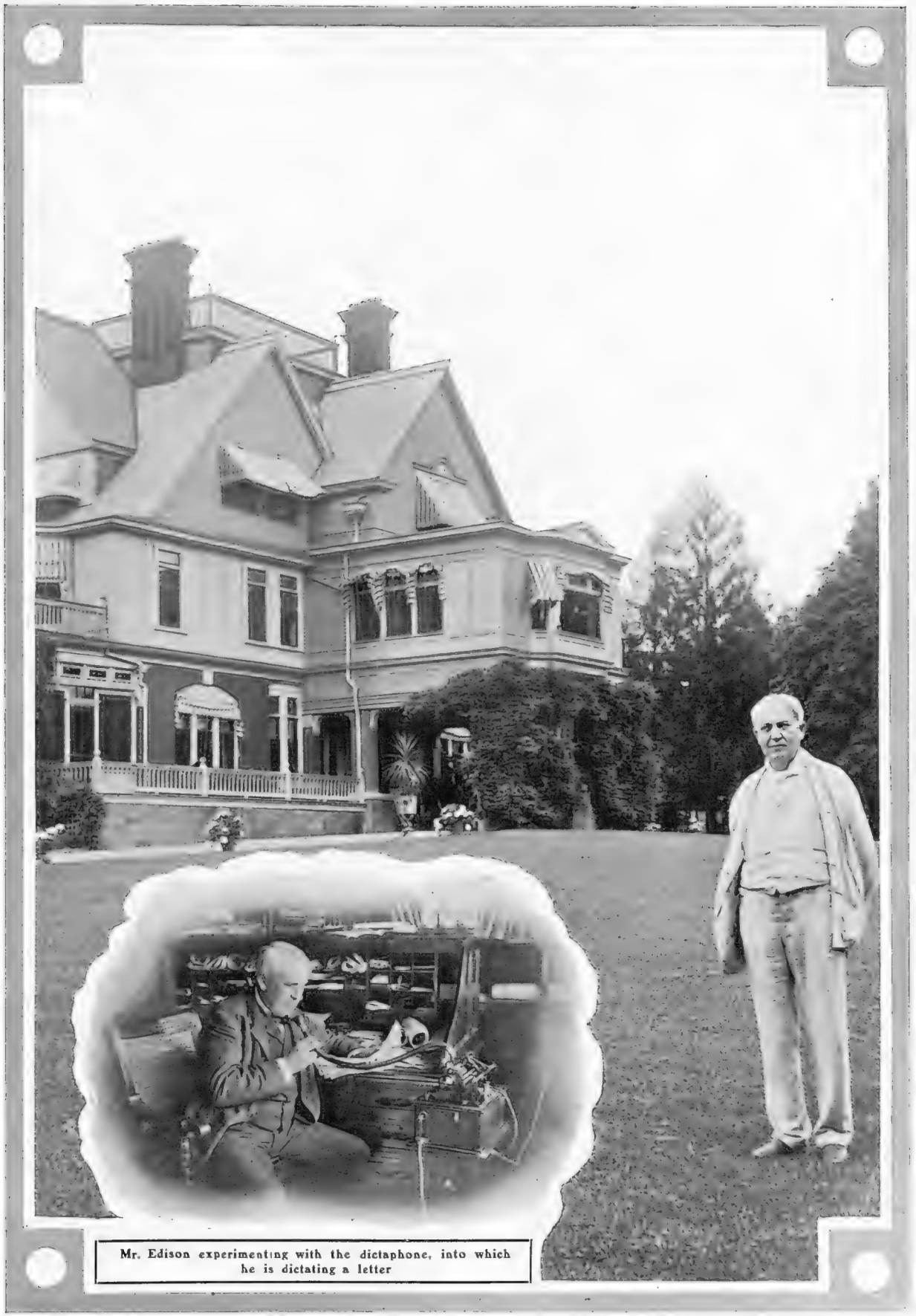
Often, especially before his marriage, Edison spent many days and nights in his chemical laboratory, forgetting to sleep, forgetting to eat. Latterly, however, his wife has insisted that he returns to his home at reasonable hours, and, as a species of carrot to the donkey, has had a smaller laboratory added to their house, where her husband can also work. Edison's laboratory at Orange, New Jersey, is a most picturesque place, built up amidst green meadows and shady trees. Inside it is quite a small college in itself, and it contains a fine library of scientific volumes.

* * *

A Royal Engagement

Prince George of Greece is, for a Prince, by no means wealthy. He is, therefore, doubly fortunate in his engagement to the Princess Marie Bonaparte, for the Princess is a great heiress, as well as a particularly charming girl. She is the daughter of Prince Roland Bonaparte, *littérateur* and traveller, and founder of the famous Aero Club of Paris. He is a descendant of Prince Lucien Bonaparte, brother of the great Napoleon, and he married the well-dowered daughter of Blanc of Monte Carlo, founder and proprietor of the famous (or infamous) gaming establishment. Plenty of honest *bourgeois* blood, therefore, runs in Princess Marie's veins. Her paternal grandmother was Justine Ruffin. Prince Pierre Bonaparte married her, first morganatically, and then legally, and after the downfall of the Empire, the Princess was so reduced in circumstances that she had to run a bonnet shop in London.

The Modern Merlin: Edison at Home



Mr. Edison experimenting with the dictaphone, into which he is dictating a letter

From Stereographs Copyright *Underwood, London and New York*

Thomas Alva Edison, than whom no more versatile an inventor has ever lived, began life as a newspaper boy in the States. To him we owe, besides many inventions in connection with the telephone, the incandescent electric lamp and that not unmixed blessing, the talking machine, which, by the way, is the only one of his inventions the principle of which he has discovered by chance

The Vogue of the Grand Tour

Late High Commissioner

Prince George, second son of the King of Greece, is thirty-eight years old, nearly 6½ ft. high, and weighs over 19 st. He is a nephew of Queen Alexandra and first cousin of the Tsar, to whose friendship may, perhaps, in part, be attributed the very autocratic form of government he attempted, as High Commissioner of Crete, to force on the sturdy islanders. He is a sailor by profession, and, it will be remembered, earned the Tsar's undying gratitude by saving him from assassination at the hands of a Japanese fanatic when they were on a tour together in the Far East. His future bride lives in a magnificent house near the Arc de Triomphe, in Paris. Her mother, but for whose vast fortune she would be almost poverty-stricken, died at her birth.

* * *

The Silly Season in America

In America, it seems, silly season topics are provided by the people for the newspapers, not, as in England, by the newspapers for the people. A Chicago professor having declared that the Americans are losing their sense of humour in their strenuous pursuit of wealth, all America is striving to justify him of his remarks. In Pittsburg eighty-four leaders of Society have, with one accord, been operated upon, not for appendicitis, but as a preventative of that fashionable malady. In Newport, America's aristocracy has been fighting in the fashion of Kilkenny's cats over a Swedish Royal morsel, and in New York a Miss Palmer has taken up the cause of dress reform, and is parading the city in "a single garment fastened with a girdle." Miss Palmer's mother, in order to exploit the new costume, is to give a house-party at Bar Harbour. The guests, it is hoped, will then be convinced, both by precept and example, that the corset is nothing less than a physical crime, and that "long, tight stockings, and what you hold them up with," are scarcely less of an evil. "Ladies' Singles" are to be the only possible wear. There is to be an end to fluffiness.

Photo *Lafayette*

Viscount Torrington

Who has just attained his majority

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The Scarborough Week Hero

Every dog has his day. Some have several. Lord Hawke is one of the latter. This year is, I believe, something like the twenty-seventh in which he has taken part in the Scarborough Cricket Festival, which took place last week. Still well on the sunny side of fifty, handsome, burly, a splendid cricketer, an ideal host, a most delightful personality, Lord Hawke is one of the best-known, as he is one of the best-liked, figures in the world of cricket. He lives with his mother at Wighill Park, Tadcaster, a lovely place in Yorkshire, where nearly every year he entertains the Yorkshire cricket team, and he is a confirmed bachelor. He has many friends in the theatrical profession. Mr. Aubrey Smith, the delightful husband of *My Wife*, was, of course, in the Cambridge Eleven with him, and one is always quite sure of meeting his lordship dining a party of friends at a restaurant not a mile from the Carlton before the play whenever Yorkshire has a match anywhere near Town.

* * *

A Little Tale

I very much fear this little tale is a great big chestnut. It is, however, so typical of Yorkshire's opinion of Yorkshire's Captain that I must chance re-telling it. At a village cricket match in the West Riding a batsman and an umpire were having a wordy argument over a decision of the latter. "What do you know about cricket?" demanded the incensed umpire. "More than you, anyhow," replied the batsman; "I 'ave shook hands with Lord 'Awke, and that's more than you ever did." That settled the dispute finally. The spectators plumped as one man for the batsman. He had shaken hands with Lord Hawke. It was enough.

* * *

The Grand Tour

The vogue of the Grand Tour, it seems, has not yet come to an end. Lord Newry, like his father, Lord Kilmorey, before him, has just left England for a tour in the Far East. Lord Newry, who was recently gazetted captain in the 1st Life Guards, is accompanied by Mr. Robert Hamilton-Stubber, of the same regiment, and their tour is to include Berlin and Moscow, and then Harbin, from which place they will visit the Manchurian battlefields. It may be remembered that it was as Lord Newry that the present Lord Kilmorey travelled round the world with the late Duke of Edinburgh, on which tour, while in Sydney, Lord Newry saved the Duke's would-be assassin from being lynched by an infuriated crowd.

* * *

The Colonial Under-Secretary's Tour

Mr. Winston Churchill, Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, will, of course, combine business with pleasure when he leaves for his Central African tour at the end of this month. And his way of combining business with pleasure, as they know who have done it with him, is a most exhausting one. The amount of nervous energy Mr. Churchill expends in one day is simply astounding. Like most

Whoever Did It? OR WAS IT ANOTHER HORSE?

THE MYSTERY OF THE LATEST GREAT WYRLEY MAIM

The field in which the outrage—the maiming of a valuable cob on Mr. J. Grant's farm near Walsall—was perpetrated on Saturday, the 31st ult. Some think it the work of the mysterious maiming gang, while others are convinced that another horse, of vicious antecedents, did the deed with his jagged hoof

Photo Thiele

At Work on the Theory of the Mystery

Sir A. Conan Doyle

Photo Topical Agency

At Work on the Practical Investigation

Inspector Salt, of the Wednesbury Division

Photos *Topical Agency*

Mr. John Grant's Farm, near Walsall and Great Wyrley, where a cob was found mutilated on the 31st ult.

The Great Wyrley mystery deepens. Though Mr. Edalji has long been released, dark and dastardly outrages, similar to those for which he was wrongly convicted and imprisoned, continue to be perpetrated on harmless and helpless dumb animals. Though the amateur and professional detective talent of the whole country has long been at work on the matter, we seem to be no nearer the discovery of the villainous culprits, human or equine, as the case may be

Going to the Dogs?

THE WEST INDIAN SUGAR TRADE NOW THREATENED OWING TO THE GOVERNMENT'S WITHDRAWAL FROM THE BOUNTIES CONVENTION

Sir Sydney Olivier

The new Jamaican Governor, who, on behalf of the Colonies, has protested to the Government against its withdrawal from the Sugar Convention

Demerara Sugar in the Making: Hoisting sugar-canes into the mill on the Diamond Sugar Estate, British Guiana

A veritable Troy among Fiscal battlefields is the West Indian Sugar Question. Here, indeed, does the Free Trade and Protectionist Greek meet Greek. In accordance with Cobdenite principles, the Government recently withdrew from the Sugar Convention, by which we, in common with several other Powers, agreed to penalise "bounty-fed" sugar. The result is the threatened extinction of the West Indian industry, which suffers severely from the bounty system. The crux of the whole problem is: Which is to be sacrificed—(1) Cobdenite Fiscal Policy, by which we get the benefit of cheap imports from all sources, or (2) the greatest industry of one of our oldest Colonies? According to the new Governor, Sir Sydney Olivier (the Fabian philosopher who succeeded Sir A. Swettenham), the policy of the Government severely strains the loyalty of the West Indians

Photos *"Our Navy"*

Not a Flute Quartette!: Only a sugar-cane eating competition between West Indian nigger lads

The Difficulties Georgetown, Demerara, has to Contend With: One of the dams along the coast carried away by the sea

A Poplar Seaside Resort

people endowed with very highly strung temperaments, he is capable of feats of physical and mental endurance which would wholly incapacitate men of less nervous calibre. Not yet thirty-three years old, Mr. Churchill has already reached a point which to many men represents the summit of their desires. I understand he will write a book on his Central African tour. It should be interesting, for Mr. Churchill, as was proved in his life of Lord Randolph, has a power of intensely vivid description, together with a mature capacity for clear judgment of men and events. His father, Lord Randolph, has constantly been described as a "very ignorant man." No his tour Mr. Churchill's engagement to a very well-known young lady will be announced. But more of that anon.

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Slum Shadows of the Sea

I am far from being at one with the London County Council in many of their schemes, but with their activities with regard to the acquisition and improvement of metropolitan and suburban parks and open spaces, I heartily agree. Have you ever realised what a blessing the parks are to the slum children, and what a difference it makes to even their drab lives if there is no open space near? You will almost

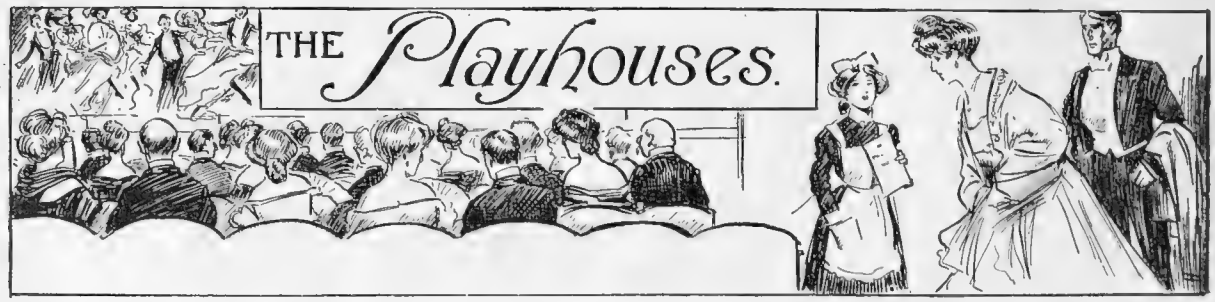
Photo *C. Winter-Wood*

Poplar as a "Seaside" Resort: The London County Council's beach for the East End children

The L.C.C.'s experiment of having a sand pit and paddling pond at Fulham has happily been followed at Poplar, which lacks many of the comparatively "rural charms" of the Western suburb. Here the children of the slums, who have been fortunate enough to experience an actual day on the beach, can recreate for themselves some of its enchantments, while the imagination of those who have not been so fortunate can be stimulated and strengthened in a realistic manner. The mock beach should be a feature of all our suburban parks

one, whatever their opinion of the Colonial Under-Secretary's political career may be, can say the same of his son, for, avoiding the academic teaching of the Universities, he has made a fetish of that "proper study of mankind" which is Man. Boiling as are his partisan sympathies, and bitter as is his opposition to his former political associates, it is curious and interesting to note that he is accompanied on the brief Continental tour which he is now enjoying prior to departing to Central Africa by—Mr. F. E. Smith. It would be amusing to be able to overhear some of the secret confidences between the two young politicians, say, on the subject of their respective leaders. It is probable that on his return from

invariably find the children of the poor, especially the very poor, playing within a stone's throw of the spot they know as home, and the absence of knowledge of the geography of the district in which they live is amazing. Everything, therefore, that will attract them to fresh air and an open space, when there is one in the vicinity, should be encouraged, and the latest plan, first started I think at Fulham, of making a miniature beach at Poplar is one which should be extended to all the parks under the Council's control, so that the little ones may be lifted above their miserable surroundings, even though it be by but an imaginary "whiff of the briny."



By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

LYCEUM THEATRE

"The Christian"

"Now then, stand back there. Give them a chance. Form a ring. Go it Mr. Hall Caine. Go it the Critics. Go it the Press. Go it the Public. BOO-M!"

Here is the situation. Mr. Hall Caine has taken the social evil and written a bad play upon it. When I say a bad play, I mean a play with much talk and little action; a play stuffed full of preposterous situations and no less preposterous characters; a play which never rises above the level of melodrama; which is so ill-constructed as not even to be good melodrama. This is the critical verdict. For some reason not easily explained, Mr. Hall Caine, alone among playwrights, enjoys the privilege of "answering back." Columns of the newspapers are placed at Mr. Caine's disposal in order that he should tell the critics they are fools and should pat the public on the back. The public loves to be patted on the back, and it is also intensely curious. Filled by these two emotions, self-appreciation and curiosity, the public is flocking to see *The Christian*. The management is turning away streams of gold from the door. The play was uproariously received. Mr. Caine says that a critic ought to tell the public outside the theatre how the people inside receive the play and the players. I agree with him. The mistake Mr. Caine makes is in supposing that because the public acclaims a play it is a good one; and that critics forbear referring to a favourable reception at the end of an unfavourable notice lest it should reflect upon their judgment. Mr. Caine is too simple-minded to realise what booming can do in these days. When his eyes are opened to the truth he will know that in the first instance the public is flocking to the Lyceum Theatre to see what the row is about; and in the second, they applaud it because they have applauded the victory of virtue over vice in the worst melodrama from time immemorial.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Something Like a Stage Kiss!

The very impassioned embrace administered by the Hon. John Storm (Mr. Matheson Lang) to Glory Quayle (Miss Alice Crawford) in the final scene of *The Christian* at the Lyceum

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

"Attila"

Mr. Oscar Asche, greatly daring, has lavished upon a new play—which may not prove a feast for the mind—a mounting which is certainly a feast for the eye. Perhaps the traditions of His Majesty's Theatre affected him. Certainly, *Attila* is staged in a manner so splendid that one might fancy oneself present at a production upon which Mr. Tree has expended his loving care both for detail and for effect. Mr. Asche's mounting of the play is of a kind to distract. Many playgoers in these days of sensuous productions must have experienced a difficulty in keeping their attention upon the text of a play. Even the love speeches of Lorenzo and Jessica fall upon deaf ears when one is absorbed by the beauties of that "Avenue leading to Portia's house in Belmont." Similarly, the gorgeous robes of Attila and the Burgundian Princess Ildico attract the eye in such wise that the mind wanders into realms of fancy. From the new production at His Majesty's, one carries the impression not so much of a play which stirs the emotions as of a series of pictures which one can never forget. Mr. Laurence Binyon's play is dramatic in parts. But it is not continuously dramatic. In separate scenes he works up to a dramatic situation. But these scenes are not cumulative. They do not advance the dramatic value of the whole play. They have the splash of waves, but the waves do not form a tide. And whenever the story fails to hold the attention, one idly speculates upon the picturesqueness of the costumes in A.D. 453. Mr. Laurence Binyon sinks the playwright for the poet. He does not give us a very clear idea of the state of the parties at the opening of his play. In a general way, we gather that the terrible King of the Huns has descended upon a Burgundian city, and that the Burgundian Princess Ildico is apparently his captive. One somehow gains the impression that Attila puts away his faithful wife because a soothsayer tells him

BY OUR IRRESPONSIBLE ARTIST, NORMAN MORROW

that death waits for his three sons. So he will wed the Burgundian Princess, who will bear him a son worthy to carry on the terror of his name. The play progresses, and from the remarks of the Roman Envoys, we are led to believe that Honoria, sister of the Emperor, fired with Attila's deeds, would wed him, and sends him a ring as a token of her royal choice. Attila, in natural surprise at the reversal of custom, suspects a plot to kill him.

A Telling Scene

In one of the best scenes in the play he orders out the old Envoy to be a target for his spearsmen. The dignified old man rebukes the tyrant, and calmly turns to his doom. Struck by his courage, Attila calls him back, and, striking a gong, orders, not an execution party, but an escort for the brave veteran. This scene is telling because it is simple and straightforward. We know the issues involved, and can follow them with interest because with understanding. But we soon wander off again into the mist. We stumble somehow upon the idea that Attila is rather struck by the notion of wedding the forward Honoria. He looks at the ring, apostrophises Rome (in a fine speech full of poetry), and, without acquainting her with the significance of his action, looks at Ildico. He is weighing the two ladies in the balance. For a while the situation as between the claims of the two ladies threatens to become dramatic. But it peters out. In the end Ildico's suspicions are aroused by the ring. It is a very big ring, and one wonders at her failing to remark it the very first time Attila wore it. Finally, Ildico kills the tyrant, whether merely because she is jealous or because she is influenced by other motives is not quite clear.

Previous Knowledge Essential

Attila is a play which one would enjoy infinitely more if one took the pains to read up the history of the tyrant. Owing to stress of work, I went to the play with no more knowledge of Attila than I carried away with me from school. Attila, as I knew him, was a Hun (I knew he was not a Visigoth) who cut a wide swathe in the conquering line, and he was so terrible a figure as to inflame popular imagination to the belief that no grass ever grew where his charger had trodden. I confess this to be a very hazy notion of Attila But Mr. Binyon's play has done little to clear away the cobwebs of ignorance. Were it not for Mr. Oscar Asche's terrific scowl, great muscular arms, and general air of picturesque ferocity, I doubt whether seeing the play would have added many touches to my conception of the tyrannous Hun. So if you would derive full benefit from the play, my dear reader, I would advise you to turn to A in the "Encyclopædia." There are incidents in Attila's career, relating to comets and the fate of his sons, upon which a clear understanding is necessary if you would dispel the mists which Mr. Binyon creates. The play contains passages of rare beauty, and is not disfigured by pretentious figures of speech which, when analysed, prove to be all sound and no sense, which was Macaulay's verdict upon the poems of Mr. Robert Montgomery. But it lacks the buckram of drama. It is a play for the study rather than for the stage.

Except for the two principal rôles, *Attila* gives but few opportunities to the players. In a small rôle, Mr. Tearle, with his musical voice, his fine presence, and the grace of his movements, indicated rather than gave expression to his abilities as an actor. He had not the material to work upon. Miss Lily Brayton, in her gorgeous robes, was a picture. But she struck a monotonous note in her playing, for the reason that there is little light and shade in the character. Mr. Alfred Brydone was good as a semi-villain. This is the only word to express the intermittent villainies permitted him by the playwright.

GARRICK THEATRE

"Fiander's Widow"

There is no questioning the success of Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, who has now settled down (at the Adelphi Theatre) after the fluster of a "removal." We should return the compliment and send *Fiander's Widow* to America. There is more than a surface resemblance between the two plays. Of many couples of plays it might be said that they possessed a common sentiment that rings true and a rustic setting. But Mrs. Wiggs and the relict of Fiander are each endowed with a quality stronger and more lasting than mere goodness of heart and a country upbringing. Neither exists. Now the murder is out. The English people have taken Mrs. Wiggs to their hearts as a type recognised by all her countrymen—as a type so familiar to Americans that they could dump their fingers upon a map of the United States and say, "Here flourish the Mrs. Wiggses. In this halcyon spot women have hearts of gold and a highly developed sense of humour." Alas! I learn, not on the authority of one American but of many, that the Cabbage Patch is a myth—"There ain't no sich place." On the first night of *Fiander's Widow* I caught sight of a friend, a man of Dorset, whose face was mottled with the desire to break news to me. He hurried to my side. "It's not Dorset," he hissed in my ear.

Mrs. Wiggs and Mrs. Fiander are stamped with a great family likeness. They are bound together by the irrevocable ties of mutual non-existence. For all, except the last word of this mobile sentence, I am beholden to Mr. R. C. Carton. You may recall, in *Wheels Within Wheels*, the two characters, husband and wife, who were thus bound together, only in their case the tie was infidelity.

But though she own no habitation in rural England, Mrs. Fiander is a lovable creature. As played by Miss Miriam Clements she is a woman whose innate sense of delicacy and refinement would do credit to the best-born ladies in the land. Nor was this rendering of the character out of place. This rustic comedy by Sydney Valentine and M. E. Francis (Mrs. Blundell) is a pleasant combination of the artificial and the ideal. It is pretty as a pastoral. Mr. Sydney Valentine, with the assistance of his co-author, has provided himself with a rôle (Isaac Sharpe, the old farmer) in which sentiment and humour are admirably blended. It is a rôle which should cause envy in the breasts of many of his brother actors. It is one of those characters which the actor makes his own. The play is worth visiting for this one character alone. E. C. S.

The English "Mrs. Wiggs"

"FIANDER'S WIDOW" AT THE GARRICK THEATRE

Mr. H. Nye Chart (*Richard Marshall, Old Isaac Sharpe's nephew*) Miss Miriam Clements (*Mrs. Fiander*)

Mr. Sydney Valentine (*Isaac Sharpe*)

In a delightful comedy scene, the fascinating Mrs. Fiander practically proposes a marriage of convenience with old Isaac Sharpe. When the old man finds that his nephew is in love with her, he is only too glad to stand aside

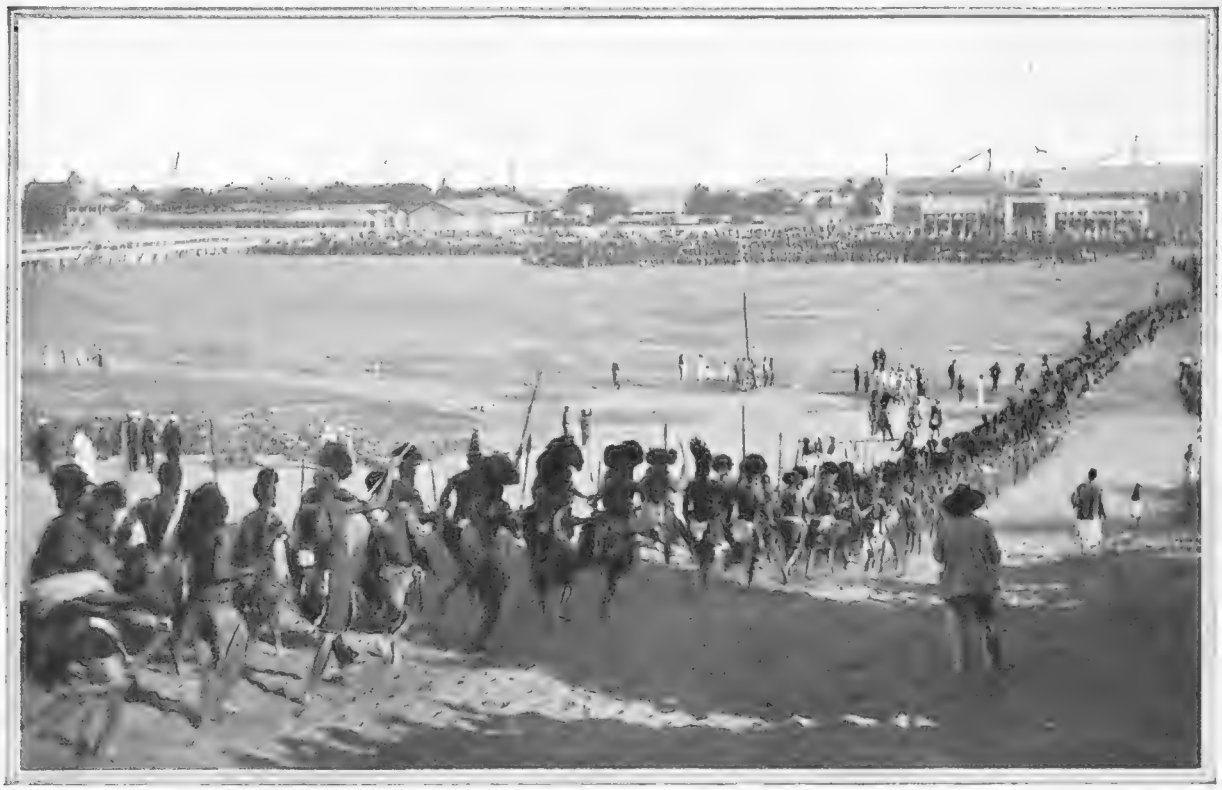
Photos *Ellis and Walery*

The Troubles of Mrs. Fiander

Being a woman, left, after the death of her husband, in sole charge of the farm, Mrs. Fiander is imposed upon by the men. In the above scene, one of the farm-labourers, with much show of indignation, resigns his post, an example followed by all the others, to the distress of Mrs. Fiander

Opening Up East Africa

THE CROWN PRINCE OF PORTUGAL'S VISIT TO LORENZO MARQUEZ



"Streaming Over the Hills like Ants"

Native warriors going to dance before the Portuguese Crown Prince, who has been visiting his father's dominions in East Africa

Photos *Crellin*

The Prince at the Laying of the Foundation-Stone of the Town Hall, Lorenzo Marquez

CONTINENTAL CHAT

The King's Cure Ended

So the King's cure is at an end! Edward VII. is safely over the frontier, and the Austrian police authorities are thankful that no untoward incident has marred the tranquility of his stay. Few people realise what the presence of a foreign monarch means to the heads of the foreign police. The responsibility of the police on the Continent is a much more vital matter than in England, and a bomb outrage, even without deadly consequences to possible visitors, has generally some very unpleasant ones to the poor fellows who were on duty when it occurred. Poor M. Lépine passes sleepless nights all the time a foreign potentate is within the walls of Paris, and the Prefecture of Police is in a state of high nervous tension till the telegram from the frontier states that "all is well." There is nothing the King hates more than the feeling that he is being taken care of by the secret police. He is accustomed to men in uniform; but the idea that half the people near him in plain clothes are watching his every movement from a professional point of view not only suggests danger, but is in itself unpleasant. Napoleon III. had the same uncomfortable feeling, and, although he absolutely forbade the watching of his movements when he went for a stroll, the Prefect knew that, if he obeyed the Emperor's orders, he himself would be the first to suffer. So, in spite of the King's desire not to be looked after, he has been very carefully guarded.

* * *

An Uneventful Visit

The uneventful nature of the King's stay, however satisfactory to the King himself and the police, affords little matter for the newspaper correspondents. A few dinners, a few lunches, a few songs from Yvette Guilbert, a few excursions, and a few interesting people (very few this year), the daily "glass," and the daily bath, have been our Sovereign's ordinary routine. One little incident, which I need not repeat, has caused his subjects no small amount of pleasure. It shows he will not allow liberties to be taken with him, even when on furlough. A more pleasant incident, of which very little has been said, was his visit to the Tepl Stift. This is an ecclesiastical foundation which dates back to 1197, and is one of the most fascinating spots to which an excursion can be made from Marienbad. To an observer like the King, the very up-to-date application to which this ancient foundation has been put, with its library and natural history collection and commodious restorations, will afford a striking contrast between the ancient and modern. Everything was done to

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

A Last Stroll at Marienbad: The King and Major Ponsonby walking towards the Kreuzbrunnen shortly before leaving

Though his Majesty has greatly benefited by his visit to Marienbad, which terminated with his return to England last Friday, it was noticed that he did not take so much active exercise as in former years. His carriage and car were far more in request than usual, and he was present at many indoor functions, including several theatrical performances, one of which, however, it will be remembered he left in disgust

make his Majesty's visit agreeable and cheerful. He was much impressed when he saw his own portrait as an Austrian General hung in the place of honour and facing him at lunch.

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The End of the Season

The season was on the wane before the King's departure, but now people are leaving rapidly. It has seemed to me this year that King Edward has been far less energetic than of yore. Some mornings he has been to the Kreuzbrunnen so late as 7.30, and has been frequently seen sitting down or driving, whilst formerly he insisted on walking everywhere. The King's dog is quite the hero of the season. M. Clemenceau twitted the King with the fact that he allowed himself to break the laws of his own country by taking back this pet without the usual quarantine. "If I make the laws," answered the King, "have I not the right to break them?" Mrs. James McDonald has probably given more parties than anyone else, Mrs. Glasgow, an American, has been much in evidence, while Mrs. Hall Walker gave a breakfast at the Rübezahl to the King, to which most prominent persons in Marienbad were invited, and included Lady Lilian and Captain Boyd, Mrs. Petre, Lady Cunard, the Duke of Teck, Sir Edward and Lady Goschen, Mr. Drexel, Sir Edward Clarke, and the Princess Murat. Prince Nicholas of Montenegro was constantly seen in the company of the last named, and this has afforded some interesting material for afternoon tea-talk. As I have already remarked, the social season was disappointing, although it has this year given the smaller stars of the London social world a chance of coming to the fore. The hotel-keepers, however, are quite satisfied with their returns, most of their clientèle this year being Russians.

A Future Ruler of Austria-Hungary

The Archduke Karl Franz, the grand-nephew and heir-presumptive to the Austrian Emperor, has recently come of age. He is at present studying at the Prague University

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Holland and Its Queen

Queen Wilhelmina's birthday is always a national holiday throughout Holland, and a day of rejoicing for rich and poor alike. It is the time when honours and decorations are accorded, public dinners and banquets are given, and when the poor employé hopes against hope that his salary will be raised. In former years, a village fair took place in the most aristocratic part of the capital; but, after many complaints and protestations, the Haguers have at length succeeded in having the booths, showmen, and revellers removed to another part of the town. The illuminations on this occasion were most brilliant. The woods from The Hague to the lakes were one mass of fairy lamps, and thronged with merrymakers. The otherwise thrifty Municipal Council was unusually lavish. It is surprising, by the way, to note how indifferent the people have grown towards the Queen. They see so little of her. On returning from Schwerin she went straight to her country-house at Het-Loo, where she will remain until the last moment—that is to say, till the opening of Parliament on the 18th of this month. It seems a pity that she has not understood what an honour is being done to her country by the sitting of the Peace Conference in her capital. Her constant absence has given these leading politicians from all quarters of the globe an impression of herself and her country which I truly believe is not a correct one. The little sacrifice that was to be expected of her would have been very warmly appreciated, and would have been some compensation for the dreary labours to which they have been condemned whilst other people are taking a rest. The Queen has estimable domestic qualities, does not care for dress, dislikes public functions, drives her own dog-cart through The Hague, and still considers, as she did in the days of her childhood, that there could be no greater torture than to have to bow to the salutations of her people. It is useless to remind this self-willed young Queen how unwise it is for her thus to decline the homage of her people. There seems to be no truth in the rumour of a possible heir. Though the Queen herself is the first to circulate such reports, the people will now only believe an official announcement.

* * *

A Future Ruler of Austria-Hungary

A future ruler of the Austro-Hungarian Empire has just come of age in the person of the Archduke Karl Franz, the grand-nephew and appointed successor of the Emperor of Austria-Hungary. The son of the Archduke Otto and Maria Josepha, sister of the King of Saxony, he is at present at Prague University. The attainment of his majority will not at present make any difference to his status, except that, instead of his tutor, Count Wallis, an officer of his own regiment, the 7th Dragoons, will be attached to his personal service. He received an officer's sword from his Imperial grand-uncle, engraved with his own and the Emperor's monogram, both surmounted with the Royal arms.

The next incident in his career will be his choice of a wife, and his movements in this direction will be watched with the greatest interest and attention by statesmen of every European country. It is said that the old Emperor is taking the greatest precautions that this youthful heir-presumptive does not come into contact with any charming "ineligibles." The young Archduke is frank and good-natured, and is a general favourite with his fellow-students.

* * *

Movements in Morocco

In the midst of the troublous times which are now overtaking the Kingdom of Morocco, the photograph

below of Mazagan, showing the British Consul, the Vice-Consul, and Mr. Maxwell, the special correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, is of especial interest. At the moment of writing, the movements of the French are uncertain, as the internal affairs of the country seem to be somewhat distracting the combatants of a few weeks ago. The reigning Sultan, Abd-el-Aziz, is in an unenviable position, what with Raisuli on one side, keeping a strict watch over Kaid Maclean, without whom he, the Sultan, fears to take any decisive step, and with his brother, Mulai Hafid, the usurper "Sultan," on the other. Meantime, the French seem to be taking up a position which has been described as one of benevolent neutrality. Spain's decision to occupy some of the ports, in conformity with their agreement with France, is quite natural, but it is to be hoped that the situation will be saved without the intervention of any other European Power. If such a proceeding takes place, there is a very grave probability of the present amicable feelings between the European nations being somewhat seriously interfered with.

Photo *Barnett*

Russia's New Moroccan Minister

M. Pierre Botkine, the First Secretary to the Russian Embassy in London, who has just been transferred to the troublous country of Morocco

By the way, M. Pierre Botkine, the First Secretary to the Russian Embassy in London, has just been transferred to Tangier as his country's Minister to Morocco. M. Botkine and his charming American wife, though their residence in London has been very short, have made a great many friends, and their transference to Morocco will be greatly regretted.

A Nationalist Outrage!

As a good idea of the hang some of our Continental friends manage to get of the condition of the British Isles, the following choice specimen in the *Journal de Liége* is instructive :—

Agrarian troubles continue in Ireland. In the district of Great Werlay not a day passes without mutilations of beasts, and the police never succeed in laying hands on the guilty. On the 31st August, at Watsall, a valuable horse was found lying on the ground with a terrible wound in the flank. The owner of the beast is a Unionist, and had recently received threatening letters.

* * *

Doings at Spa

A correspondent writes from Spa :—

Spa has few English visitors at the moment. Sir J. Winfield Bonser is staying here, while Mr. Walter Winans has been driving his trotters at the local competitions, and has most kindly permitted the use of cinematograph records of our Horse Show at Olympia at the Place Royale. The Princess Clémentine of Belgium continues to make the Palace her summer residence, and is indefatigable in attendance at the local functions. Recently, she was at the concert at the Casino, where Bonci sang, and it was in deference to her Royal Highness's applause that the New York tenor granted three encores. Next day she went to the Concours Hippique, and drove herself off the course in her own smart four-in-hand phaeton. Lady Belle, belonging to Mr. Winans, with Champsavin up, won the high jump on the same day, doing two metres. The jumping was somewhat impeded by the slippery nature of the ground on the high moor of La Sauvenière, which was fragrant with heather. The procession of coaches was admirably well appointed, and would have done credit to Hyde Park. It included four-in-hands driven by Count Rod van der Burch, M. Georges Peltzer, Mr. G. Talbot, and many others.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Ourselves in Morocco: "The Bystander" as a diversion from the task of guarding the British Consulate at Mazagan

This unique photograph shows the British Consul (in the centre), the Vice-Consul (on the right), and Mr. William Maxwell (on the left), the special correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, at the Consulate at Mazagan, the town that has been occupying the special attention of the Pretender, Mulai Hafid, who has been operating in the vicinity

A CAUCUS RAC

Competing Animals Amuse Ch
Fashionable Norma

A British Onlooker
The Duchess of Marlborough (in the centre)

The Winner of the "Caucus Race"
Mlle. Germaine Delpy leading her winning chicken to the (?) weighing-room after the race

The Start for the "Animal Race" (not und

Among the Fêtes held this season in fashionable French seaside resorts, one of the greatest successes was a garden-party given by the paper *Femina*, under the patronage of MM. the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, the Marquis de Massa, Gaston Menier, Comte d'Yanville, Pierre Lafitte, Vicomte d'Alton, Comte Balbiani, Georges Menier, B. Desouches, Baron de Neuville, Marino-Vagliano, G. Reymond, and Comte de Vaussay. The programme was extensive and varied, commencing with a Diabolo Tournament, a flowered parasol competition, a competition for the prettiest child's hat, and ending with a concert in the open air. One of the most interesting items was the Animal Race. Each competitor in this

CE IN REAL LIFE

hic Spectators at Houlgate, the nan Watering-Place

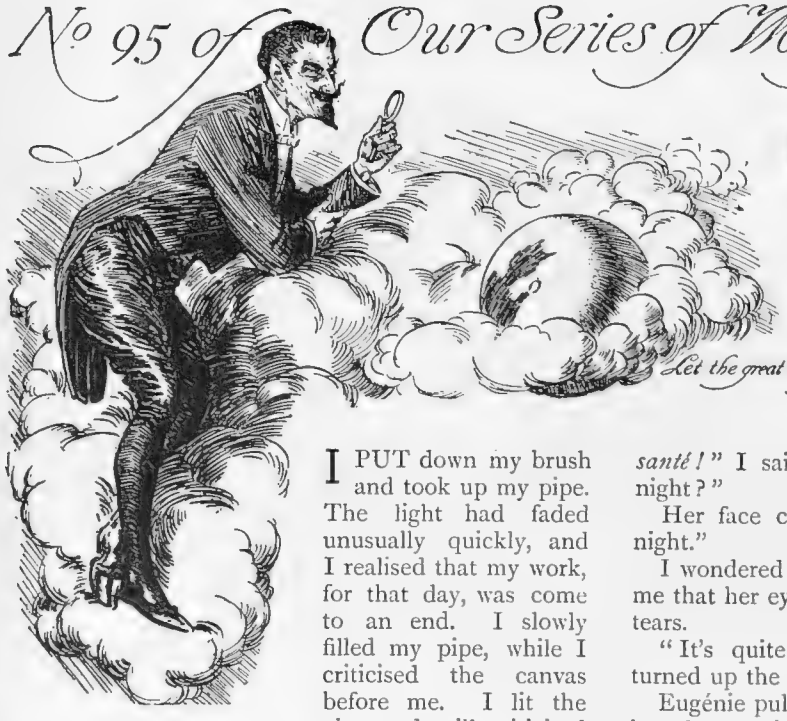
An Interesting Group
Left to right: Vicomtesse Foix, Comtesse de Casteja, and Baroness Henri de Rothschild

The Duchesse de Noailles

under the auspices of Our Dumb Friends' League)

race held an animal by a ribbon attached to one of its legs, and guided it round the course with a small whip. As the animals were apparently chosen for their non-racing qualities, and most of them had a conscientious objection to keeping a straight course, there were many amusing scenes. In fact, the whole proceeding was very reminiscent of the Caucus Race in *Alice in Wonderland*, in which all the animals began running when they liked and left off when they felt so disposed. Mlle. Germaine Delpy was the winner of the first prize with a chicken. This Fête, which took place at Houlgate, coincided with the great race week at Deauville, which every year attracts the flower of the English and French aristocracy.

No. 95 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories



Rue de la Justice, 31

By G. M. H.

Let the great book of the world be your principal study.—Chesterfield

I PUT down my brush and took up my pipe. The light had faded unusually quickly, and I realised that my work, for that day, was come to an end. I slowly filled my pipe, while I criticised the canvas before me. I lit the pipe and still criticised the picture. After ten minutes spent so, I rose and went over to the window. "Richard," said I to myself, "you've got here the best work you've done, up to date"; and I opened the window and leaned out. The lights were beginning to twinkle in the street below me, the Rue de Rennes, and further away I could see the flaring white lamps shining on the entrances of cafés.

A *fiacre* lumbered along beneath my window and prevented my hearing a sound behind me. The sound, which was a knock upon my door, was repeated emphatically after the *fiacre* had passed.

I turned round, and said, "Come in."

She came in. She was a girl slightly above middle height, with bronze hair, and the French brown eyes that are so fascinating. I knew her by sight; most people did, in the Quartier Latin.

"Mademoiselle," said I, bowing, "to what do I owe this honour?"

She laughed. "Folette asked me to bring a message. I happened to be coming this way."

I set a chair for her. "That was very kind of Folette. You will rest after climbing those stairs, won't you?"

She took the seat. "Well, her message: 'Will you go to Hersy's instead of to the Café de Rennes?'"

"To-night?"

"Yes."

"I will. Is that all?"

"That's all," she said, and took off one of her gloves.

"I wish I had some refreshment to offer you, Mademoiselle——?"

"Eugénie," she said.

"Mademoiselle Eugénie, I have only whisky, I'm sorry to say. Would that——?"

She nodded. "You are very good, monsieur. I have met Englishmen before. I don't mind whisky."

I got two glasses, a syphon, and a decanter out of the cupboard, and put them on the table.

"I will drink," she said, with sparkling eyes, "to your great success in the Salon! May it come quickly, and may it last long!"

I bowed my thanks and raised my glass. "*A votre santé!*" I said. "And shall I see you, also, to-night?"

Her face clouded. "No, monsieur, no; not to-night."

I wondered at her expression, because it seemed to me that her eyes had a gleam in them that was of tears.

"It's quite dark," said I. "I'll light up." I turned up the incandescent gas.

Eugénie pulled down her veil, and began to put on her glove again.

"Signs of departure, mademoiselle. *Must* you go?"

She gave an almost imperceptible start. "Well—I came only to bring the message——"

I smiled. "The fact impressed me differently. The point is, for me, that the message brought you."

She rose and turned away from me. I could not see if she looked displeased or the reverse. She crossed the room, and commenced an examination of the pictures, rough studies, etc., that were scattered about the place.

"Yes, yes," I heard her say to herself. "I know your work. It is the style I love."

I hummed an air.

"Ah! monsieur," she cried, coming back to me, "you are a great artist—you are the real thing!"

I laughed. "I shall work ten times better to-morrow, after that. Thank you!"

She held out her hand to me, and I took it. "If you must go," I said, "may I not escort you at least a part of your way?"

She hesitated, and I mentally questioned why.

"Y-yes, monsieur. If you will take me to the Rue de l'Impératrice."

I fetched my cloak, hat, and stick, turned down the gas, and opened the door for her. But she went over to the window, and leaned out, as I had done. A moment later, we went downstairs together.

As we approached the Rue de l'Impératrice, I said, "Will you let me get you something less English, and more to your taste, in the matter of refreshment, another day?"

She smiled, and gave me a saucy glance. "No, no; it is not always that to be less English is to be more to my taste."

I smiled too. "Then," said I, rather softly, "will you just come in with the twilight, as you did to-day?"

"Perhaps," she answered; and she went on, and I went back.

Candidly, Folette somewhat bored me that evening. I kept thinking of my picture for the Salon, and wishing I had more than the fortnight that remained to me to finish it in. Then I thought that, after all,

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A Mid-September Idyll

CAUGHT BY THE TIDE

BY DUDLEY CLEAVER

(*Continued from page 548*)

my model had not by any means a perfect chin and throat. I had not known it until I saw those two features in their perfection that afternoon. Then I got into a fearful rage with myself for having connected my model with Mademoiselle Eugénie by even so fine a link. And yet—and yet—— As much for the sake of the guest I was with as for my own, I turned the point aside.

The next day, and for a week, I dismissed my model an hour before dusk, and worked on alone, putting in sundry touches that occurred to me during the previous hours. This was not unusual; I had frequently done it before. So had I done the rest of the things that filled up that week, but it had not struck me so forcibly until then how very often I had dined out, supped out, gone to plays, with the same small set of people. Still, my main and most absorbing thought was my picture, so I worked hard to contradict the opinion I expressed on the night Eugénie first came to me. It continued to be the best piece of work I had ever produced. It had leaked out, how I do not know, some months earlier, that I was to exhibit in the Salon, and, soon after I began to prepare, a rumour got around that I should make a hit. I was angry—but it put me on my mettle, and knocked sparks out of me. When my work is bad I know it—none better; when it is good, I know that too, and I have need to make the most of it.

On the last day of the week I have mentioned, I worked a trifle later than the light generally permitted—the weather being exceptionally fine—and so it was that when Eugénie knocked I was sitting in front of the canvas, brush in hand. I started up and opened the door.

"I thought you had forgotten your promise," I said, as she entered the room.

"Forgotten! Oh, no," she said, with a smile in those attractive brown eyes. "Why!" she exclaimed, "Here is your picture! Oh, monsieur, monsieur, it is beautiful!"

She stepped back and looked at it with her head on one side. "I think it is wonderful. You don't mind my seeing it, do you?"

"On the contrary," said I, "I wish you were the sole representative of the public. Think of the notices I should get!"

Engénie laughed and sat down by the window, where she could survey either the street or my work by a turn of her head.

"So you come, monsieur, from England?"

"Yes, from London. That is to say, I did so, six years ago."

Her eyes traversed the street below, almost as if she sought someone there. I had detected, before she averted them, a wistfulness of expression that made their depths seem deep indeed, as all sorrow is deep. For the second time I felt puzzled about her. *What* she was, I knew—*whence* she was, I did not know. Whither she came—whither she went? I studied her profile, wondering, with a strange, forlorn feeling at the back of my mind, how this last question would be answered.

"I wish," she said, presently, "that you would tell me a little about London—about what you have seen in London. Would you?"

I smiled. "I'll try—but my existence has been singularly commonplace. I was launched in London with a free hand and a full purse. The idea was that I should gad about a bit and then settle down to the work my father made his money in. I did the first—I never did the second."

"No? Why not?"

"Because, little lady, the first made me sick almost unto death."

"Ah!" The exclamation was so sharp that I started. She flushed. "I know what you mean," she said, simply.

"You see," said I, "I found I wasn't a Cockney, nor a tame cat, nor a brilliant, awe-inspiring *ventre doré*. I am a Bohemian, with a particular delight in the beauty of colour."

She clasped her hands and leaned towards me. "Monsieur, of the cup that you have chosen it is possible to drink very deep. Out there"—she pointed through the open window to the far horizon with a largeness of gesture which was, to me, most eloquent—"out there you can fill the whole cup of your life with the beauty of colour, and it will overflow." She stopped, clasped her hands again, and looked down. "I'm afraid I seem rather—exaggerated, perhaps."

I rose and stood opposite to her. "By George!" said I, "when I get that picture done—and hung, too, I hope—I'll go and taste this wine. You make me feel as if my brain were on fire. You"—I looked straight into her eyes—"you make life burn."

She gave a little sound, quite inarticulate, and her eyes filled with tears. "Oh, it's late," she said, shakily. "I think I'll go. But you mustn't come with me to-night."

She left me so quickly that I said not one of the things that trembled on the tip of my tongue. I was staggered, partly by my own sudden vehemence and partly by her amazing reception of it.

I went to the cupboard and got a drink. "*Omnium mysteriorum*," I commented mentally.

Later in the evening Folette spoke to me of Eugénie. "She wanted to know you," she said, candidly. "She liked your work. Her father—she lives with her father—told her I knew you, so I thought that meant an introduction, and I sent her on a message to you."

I thought that very characteristic of Folette. It was no trouble.

"Where do they live?" I asked.

"Rue de la Justice," said Folette. "But I don't know the number. She is a queer girl. Barry and Rose, and lots of the other students, don't like her."

"No," said I, slowly, "they wouldn't."

Folette glanced at me suspiciously. "Well, I'm not surprised," she said, rather sharply.

I let the matter drop.

Eugénie came again—and after that again, and yet again. Indeed, the last three days of my work I awaited the tap on the door confidently—and it did not fail me. I walked with her, on two occasions, to the Rue de l'Impératrice—but never beyond, although I knew the Rue de la Justice lay some distance away from here. She would not permit me to go further.

"But," I expostulated one night, "you live in the Rue de la Justice, do you not, mademoiselle?"

"Yes." She did not look pleased at my persistence.

"What number?" I inquired.

There was an instant's pause. "N-number 31," she said. However, she gave me no invitation to go there, or even to go with her nearer than the Rue de l'Impératrice.

On the last evening but one before the day I was to take my exhibit to the Salon, Eugénie came a little earlier than usual.

"Is it all ready?" she asked.

"Quite," said I. "Ready and put away."

Her eyes glistened. "How splendid! Oh, I will so long to see it in the Salon!" She turned and laid her hand lightly on my arm. "You won't forget me," she said wistfully, "when you're great?"

(*Continued on page 552*)

The Actress of the Moment

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Miss Alice Crawford as Glory Quayle in "The Christian" at the Lyceum

In the difficult, and to some extent contradictory, rôle of Glory Quayle in Hall Caine's new *The Christian*, Miss Crawford acquits herself well. She is an actress who has quickly come into the front rank, her most notable success having been in the recent production of *Antony and Cleopatra* at His Majesty's. She is an Australian by birth

(*Continued from page 550*)

I looked down into her face. "The question is, rather, will you forget me? Will you go away and hide?"

"Hide!" She stopped, and blushed a little. "Oh—no!"

I felt, as I looked at her, the old sentence repeat itself again and again in my mind, "*Quo vadis? Quo vadis?*" For where did she go? Where did the rest of her fellow-workers go? I shuddered, and involuntarily glanced out—at the street.

"Eugénie," I said suddenly, "never go away without letting me know. Never be so foolish," I added.

She made no answer—only looked up at me, with that mysterious pathos in her eyes that always made me wonder.

We sat a long time and talked. We had a little meal, too, there in the studio—a very humble meal, but I don't think we noticed that.

I showed her my picture, afterwards, and she said things that seemed to ignite some unmeasured, unrecognised strength in me, so that I felt a giant of power, towering over my brethren.

When we had parted at the corner of the Rue de l'Impératrice, I walked home, endeavouring to think things out. I failed in the endeavour, and, shortly after getting in, went to bed.

The following afternoon I went with my friend, Fred Rose, to tea with some people who lived just outside Paris. We had a pleasant enough afternoon, and my spirits were raised by this, and the thought of the next day's business, to quite an exceptional pitch.

I entered my studio whistling. It was a coldish evening, and I closed the window, to be more cosy. I smoked a cigarette and reviewed the events of the day, and then I thought I would have a good look at my precious picture, and try to foretell myself what the judges would say of it.

I went to the corner behind the screen, and raised the cloth with which I had covered it. "Good Lord!" I said, staggering back with the cloth in my hand. For the picture was gone—the space before me was empty. I ransacked the room; I turned everything upside down. I rang the bell and demanded of the trembling *concièrge* what, in the name of all that was black, had happened to my picture? She declared she didn't know, and I told her to leave me. When she did so, I sat down and swore.

Then I pulled myself together, and did what I could to set inquiries on foot. I offered a more than sufficient reward to the tradesmen round for any information that should lead to its recovery in time for exhibition. I investigated in every direction I could think it—and when all this was done, I sat down in the Café de Rennes, to glare at the food and quarrel with the waiter.

On thinking the matter over, two new points impressed me—that my window had been closed when I went out, and wide open when I came in; and that Eugénie had not come around that evening at all. From this, it was suggested to me that I might go to Eugénie, on the off-chance of her being able to assist me. I went.

The Rue de la Justice was a *cul-de-sac*, the fag-end, as it were, of a branch of tiny, grubby streets, springing from one of the main streets of that quarter.

I went by 'bus, and walked from the terminus. It was a pitch-dark night, and the Rue de la Justice was so badly lighted that I had to get close up to the houses before I could read their numbers. From No. 1 I gradually traced No. 30, and there I stopped, for there were no more. No. 31 held the same position in the Rue de la Justice as the twenty-first *arrondissement* does in Paris.

I was turning the problem of my next move over in my mind when I heard a quick step behind me. I faced around. A girl ran up to a letter-box in the wall of one of the houses and slipped a letter in. I saw her, for an instant, clearly in the light of a lamp. It was Eugénie. I took a quick step after her, and then hesitated. Why had she deceived me? Why had she given me a false address? I watched her run quickly back to—No. 28. What was I to make of it? What should I do? What should I think?

Again my wonderings were interrupted by a sound. Some persons were approaching beyond the corner of the street. I could not see them, but I knew that they were men, and that they walked slowly. I sauntered across the road into the shadow, expecting I don't know what.

They came, at last, under the lamp, and I saw something that made my heart give a violent throb. They carried a package the exact length, and breadth, and thickness of my picture. I waited and watched. When they stopped at No. 28, and noiselessly opened the door, I felt a sensation, or a multitude of sensations, that I cannot describe. My picture, Eugénie, rage and grief, seemed all included in the tumult. And then, as the door closed, an idea came to me—an idea born of that very tumult which had before confused me. I saw a faint light flicker in the first-floor window. Risk dwindled into insignificance in the presence of my scorching anger. I went home and fetched a coil of the rope I used sometimes for hanging big pictures; then I returned to the Rue de la Justice, "31."

I had noticed that the first-floor window was surrounded by a narrow balcony, having iron railings, with spear-head ornamentations at intervals along them. I hid my hat and outer coat behind a large, ornamental flower-pot, and turned up the inner coat-collar over my linen one. I made a loop at the end of two strands of rope, and threw it over one of the spear-heads. I swarmed up. It was a very short distance, as it was but a dingy little cottage, and I had little difficulty in putting myself over the railings and on to the balcony. There I paused. I knew that only by getting my hand inside the window could I turn the handle, and open the double doors. Yet—that package—the deception about the address of the house—my open window—Eugénie's unwonted absence—these things came before me again, together with the knowledge that that night, and only that night, had I the chance of getting my property in time for the Salon. I took out my knife, and struck the glass a neat, sharp blow. It splintered. Slowly, I picked away, bit by bit, until I could insert my hand. Then I parted the curtains and entered the room.

Darkness, and silence. I groped my way to what I calculated would be the centre of the room, and struck a match. There was another window at the back—a small one, with a small curtain drawn across it. I pulled this back, and a ray of moonlight came through. I could see my way now. Yes! there in the corner stood the package, and my heart leapt when I looked at it. I ripped up the sacking and peered in. My picture! my picture, indeed! With trembling hands I cut holes in the sacking, and put the rope through them. Then, gently and slowly, I raised up the picture, and crept to the balcony. I lowered it over the balustrade, and let it sink gradually on to its back. Before doing this, I had taken the precaution of closing the big curtains behind me. It was as I turned to close the

(*Continued on page 554*)

Ildico and Attila BUT NOT AT HIS MAJESTY'S

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Asche (Miss Lily Brayton) at Home

Mr. Asche's magnificent staging of Mr. Binyon's play, *Attila*, is reminiscent of Mr. Tree's Shakespearean productions at His Majesty's; and, merely looking at it from the spectacular standpoint, the piece is a great success. The part of the King of the Huns is taken by Mr. Asche himself, a rôle in which his talents find a most effective expression, while the part of his Burgundian bride, Ildico, is played by his wife, Miss Lily Brayton

(*Continued from page 552*)

window, for fear it should bang, that they were drawn suddenly aside, and I was caught.

Eugénie, in a long white *robe de toilette*, was standing in the aperture, with a candle in her hand. She started, in terror, on beholding me, and I thought she would cry out—but she did not.

"Eugénie," I whispered, to reassure her. "It is I—Richard Merriman."

"Richard!" I shall never forget the look on her face—the horror, the scorn, and the grief of it.

"Go back into the room," I said, "or put out that light. We don't want the neighbourhood for an audience."

She backed, mechanically, and I followed her, closing the curtains after me.

Then her fear left her. "Stand still," she said, "or I'll rouse the house. What do you come for? Do you think that because my profession takes me from studio to studio, and because the others don't—don't care, that you can come here at such an hour, on—any errand you please?"

"I don't know," I said, and I could feel the anger blazing in her eyes, "what name you give your profession, but I'll tell you the name of my errand to-night—I came to take my property; I came into this den of thieves to steal what is mine, and you keep silence for your own sake, for you'd gain nothing by arresting me, and you'd lose a good deal."

She gasped. "What—what do you mean? Are you mad?" I saw terror again in her eyes. "What is your property? Explain!"

"My picture. It was here, in your drawing-room." I looked her full in the face, and then held out my hand. "Eugénie," said I, quietly, "I beg your pardon. Some one from here stole it—but it wasn't you. I see that in your eyes." I saw something else, also, I saw the light of understanding dawn in them. "Then — then—father ——," she muttered, and covered her face. She sobbed.

"Hush, hush, child," I murmured.

But her life's grief had burst its dam.

"Oh, I have suffered all these years—I didn't know what he did—I knew what I had to do, and did it. But it has nearly killed me—and now—now——,"—she raised her head—"no more of it—no more! To-morrow I go out of this. Mon Dieu! out of this." A pause. "And you—will you forgive my insult? I take it back. You are the only one who has never—presupposed—things."

I went down on my knees and caught her hands that were all wet with tears. "Eugénie," I whispered, "I have fetched the picture—is there anything more I can steal from here because it is mine—is there anything more, dear one?"

She leaned over, and laid her cheek against my hair. "There's me—Richard."

A little later I dropped gently from the balustrade, and took my picture home. I was proud of it in the Salon—and my wife was proud of me. G. M. H.

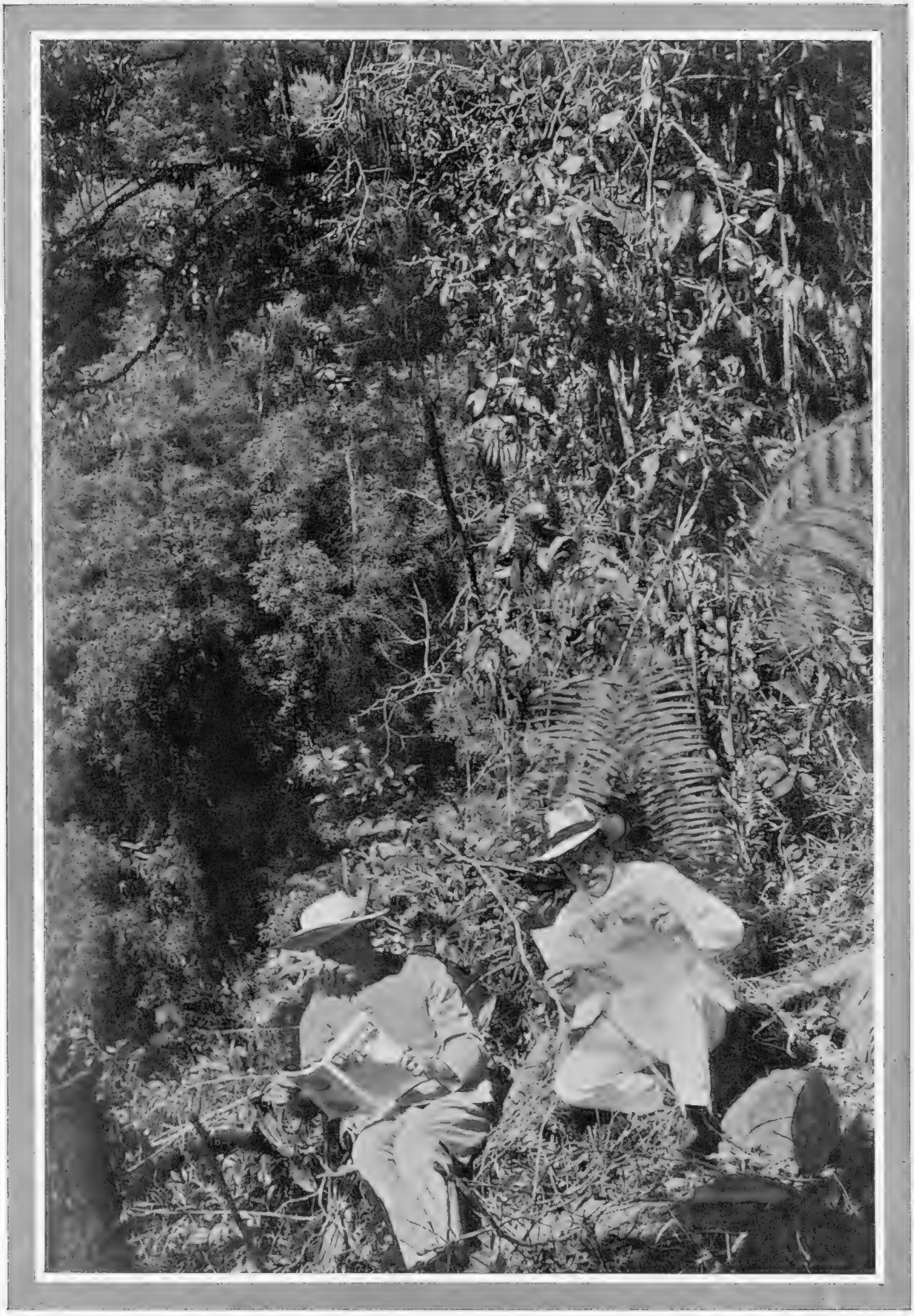
AN AUTUMN PASTORAL

Photo *Newman*

THE EBB OF DAY

A Fine Flock of Hampshire Down Ewes in Hertfordshire on Mr. H. Woodman's farm near Tring

In a Javanese Jungle



Java, Holland's most valuable possession, is chiefly remarkable for the luxury of its vegetation, of which the above gives an excellent idea. This photograph was taken on the edge of a ravine in the midst of the jungle in the Preanger district of the island, where some rich veins of coal and other minerals are to be found

A General View of Sarajevo, the Capital of Bosnia

The little-known corner of Europe, Bosnia and Herzegovina, is well worth a visit, forming, as it does, a meeting-place of Eastern and Western life and peoples. The mosque in the centre of the picture is considered one of the finest examples of Moslem architecture

A Visit to Bosnia and Herzegovina

No more interesting tour to the lover of strange life and scenes can be desired than a cruise down the historic Dalmatian coast, whose mountains have been drenched with the blood of many nations, and with the addition of excursions into the heart of Bosnia and Herzegovina, the tour is indeed unique.

The life and scenes in these two little-known countries are strangely interesting. A railway starts from Gravosa, near Ragusa, and in sinuous fashion, ever mounting higher and higher, round and round rugged mountains, and cut through solid rock for the most part—altogether a wonderful piece of railway engineering—the passenger is taken through the dreary wastes and grim mountain fastnesses of Herzegovina, along the edge of nasty precipices, and past old robber strongholds, ruined forts, and Turkish cemeteries containing the victims of the battlefields, with here and there a rude shepherd's hut and a few goats to give the only sign of life. Nearing Mostar, the capital, the country improves, and tobacco, vines, and other forms of agriculture are seen to be fairly flourishing. Smokers of Turkish and Egyptian cigarettes may be surprised to learn that much of the tobacco for these is grown in Bosnia and Herzegovina.

Veiled Women

Mostar has two principal streets, with more or less modern and up-to-date shops and houses, but with this exception the town is truly Oriental. A fine old Turkish bridge, dated 1566, spans the river in one big arch of 100 ft. There are over fifty mosques here, and several long streets of bazaars, where the merchant in his windowless shop both makes and sells his wares, and numbers of dark-veiled and black-hooded women walking about greatly accentuate the Oriental aspect of the place. One cannot but feel sorry for these Moslem women, shut up in harems behind latticed windows, and only venturing out wearing these impenetrable, unhealthy veils and hooded cloaks in the warmest of weather. Some day, perhaps—who knows?—a Mahommedan Suffragette will rise up and make things "hum."

A Motley Throng

The journey into Bosnia is made through more fertile country, much of the scenery being very homelike, and signs of comparative prosperity are everywhere evident. Potatoes were unknown before the Austrian occupation. Now they are quite a big industry—and they are good potatoes, too. Sarajevo, the capital, which had to be bombarded in 1878 before the Bosnians would surrender to Austria, is now a fairly smart place, something like, on first acquaintance, an ordinary modern German town, notwithstanding its ninety minaretted mosques. The first streets nearest the station have nothing particularly uncommon or attractive about them, but suddenly and without any warning you come into the network of bazaars, with Turks, in fez or turban and baggy trousers, greatly predominating; and when the *muezzin* calls the faithful to prayer from the tower of the mosque—as he does several times a day—one and all go through the ablution ceremony of washing their head, hands, and feet before proceeding to the mosque for devotional purposes. The market, too, is very curious, whilst the electric

Town and Country in Bosnia-Herzegovina

Railway Travel in Little-Known Europe: The new line to Sarajevo, Bosnia

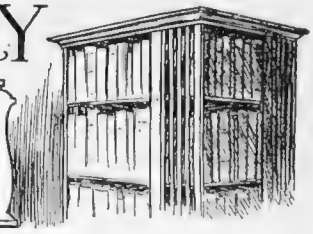
The railway from Gravosa right through the Dinaric Alps to Sarajevo is a wonderful piece of engineering, and traverses some of the most beautiful scenery imaginable

tramcars running in the midst of the primeval Oriental life have sometimes a most motley human cargo—Austrian officers in bright uniforms sitting alongside turbaned Turks or veiled women, and men, women, and children in all kinds of garb, from the conventional European dress to the picturesque red, baggy trousers of the pretty bare-footed Turkish children.

HENRY STUART MACKAY.

A Typical Herzegovinian Market-Place

THE LIBRARY



Books to Order This Week

"Bernard Shaw." By Holbrook Jackson. (Grant Richards.)
"Only Betty." By Curtis Yorke. (Long: 6s.)
"Robert Thorn." By Shan F. Bullock. (Werner Laurie: 6s.)

Which he knew was very clever,
But he didn't understand it.

A Symphony in Symptoms

Mr. Maarten Maartens's therapeutical novel, *The New Religion* (Methuen: 6s.), will create quite *the* headache of the autumn publishing season. I have had nothing like it since the morrow of my coming of age. It is a story of symptoms. The people we are invited to be interested in are all ill. We are thrilled with the development of each symptom, and each symptom of a symptom. We learn how they are diagnosed first by one doctor, then another, and how, as a last resort, they go abroad to a cure, and how one of them dies. Then, after being edified with innumerable pages of pathology, enlivened by medicinal dialogue and surgical small-talk, we are confronted with the tremendous revelation—(pause in preparation!)—that . . . the great Specialist who has been sending them all abroad is an old humbug, and knows it, and that, in the case of the particular people we are "interested" in, his motive has been to ruin them and then to get possession, for a song, of their property in England. Most of us have already suspected the purity of the motives of the cure-prescribing specialist. How many people, however, will thank Mr. Maartens for drawing their attention to the fraud in so very cumbrous and dispiriting a fashion as *The New Religion* is a question. Some may find this interminable story clever—that I suppose it is. Mr. Maartens is undeniably conscientious, and his knowledge of medical lore and terminology is worthy of Mr. Shaw himself. His characters, too, are realistic. They remind us with painful force of actual people we have been hard at work trying to forget. Conscientiousness, however, begets conscientiousness, and, catching the quality from Mr. Maartens, I must conscientiously say that *The New Religion*, whatever its value as instruction, is not a book that can be recommended to the novel-reader who likes to be amused

Photo *Topical Agency*

The Last of a Free Library

The Westminster City Council is about to close the Trevor Square library, which opened in June, 1858, was one of the first of the free public libraries to spring up under the Act of 1855. It began humbly enough in two rooms with 425 books on the shelves. Its current catalogue refers to more than 6,000 works

Who Is Bernard Shaw?

"To write the life of him who has surpassed all others in writing the life of himself"—that, in Boswellian phrase, may be accounted a presumption in Mr. Holbrook Jackson, who has just written a life of Bernard Shaw (Grant Richards). For, of course, those who may be curious as to the personality of "G. B. S." have countless sources of reference in the plays, essays, prefaces, and speeches of that ubiquitous personage himself. Furthermore, no mere outsider could hope to be so well informed or so amusing an authority on the subject of Mr. Shaw as Mr. Shaw himself. Far be it from me, however, to join some contemporary critics in sneering at Mr. Jackson for thus vieing with Mr. Shaw in writing Shaw biography. There can be no doubt that the evidence of Mr. Shaw on his own merits and demerits (if any) is scarcely so convincing to the average outsider as that of a more detached critic. It has been said, and with truth, that Mr. Jackson's little book is "dull." Well, so it is. He does his duty by studying "G. B. S." as a man, as a Fabian, as a playwright, and as a philosopher, in a strangely humourless and conscientious fashion. The more power to his elbow! A dull book on the subject was absolutely wanted; a book which coldly told us who the man is, where born, and why; how, and by whose influence, he started becoming famous; which gave us lucid tit-bits of actual information as to what he actually means, and in which of his books and plays he says it. Such a volume may

prove a god-send to hundreds of harmless and not very necessary folk who, seeing the name of Shaw so often in the papers, are pardonably desirous of educating themselves in the elementary facts concerning his elusive personality.

A Murder Mystery

That a highly respectable gentleman could be suspected of the murder of a not very respectable lady by throwing her under a train passing through a tunnel is, of course, quite possible. That the said gentleman could possibly be suspected of a murder which was really committed by the signalman on duty at the tunnel's mouth requires some believing. In the *10.12 Express* (Sisleys : 6*s.*), however, Mr. Walter E. Grogan succeeds in making quite a plausible and exciting story out of this confusion ; in fact, in the opening chapters we really believe Sir Ewart Burnett has been responsible for throwing poor Susan Denby under the train. A little later on, it is true, it seems rather more probable that the real culprit is his brother Cyril, who was supposed to be in love with the lady. Never, however, till the end, have we suspected that all along the murder was committed by the signalman, who had mistaken for his sweetheart the unfortunate victim, and, out of revenge for her supposed infidelity, dealt with her in this sanguinary fashion. Possibly it is a fault in Mr. Grogan's novel that he should keep his mystery wrapt up so carefully. The reader of a sensational story likes to have the scent of the real criminal rather earlier than the last chapter, and I am bound to say the discovery of the signalman's guilt, unexpected though it is, is just a little bit disappointing. One does so like a real murderer to be a gentleman.

Up, Clerks!

The clerk in rebellion—up against quill-driving, finger-inking, stool-squatting—that is the theme of Mr. Shan Bullock's latest story, *Robert Thorn* (Werner Laurie : 6*s.*). Clerks do not lend themselves to very interesting treatment, as poor Anthony Trollope so painfully convinced us. The idea, however, of a London clerk rising up, protesting against his thraldom, and finally throwing off the shackles and migrating to the Colonies, has something inspiring about it. The hero is a lower division clerk at Somerset House, who, being prematurely married while in receipt of only £100 a year, suffers sad privations, and the contempt of his bachelor fellows. Thorn's wife is a fine type of woman, and it is her influence, to a great extent, which moves the wretched man finally to free himself. This novel is one which can be recommended to everybody.

Merely Elizabeth

Only Betty (John Long: 6*s.*), by Curtis Yorke, is a good little story of a conventional kind. It tells us how Betty accepts an engagement of governess in a country family, and how she runs against (1) the inevitable poor young man, who falls in love with her; (2) the less expected rich old gentleman, who takes a fancy to her, and insists on making her his heiress. The young man, absurdly quixotic, does not think he should marry Betty once she had become an heiress. But the old gentleman conveniently saves the situation by leaving his money instead to the young man, and the affair ends happily after all. Curtis Yorke knows how to write quite an attractive tale for girls as well as any other authoress. In fact, her pseudonym is more or less the hall-mark of a bright, if sentimental, love story.

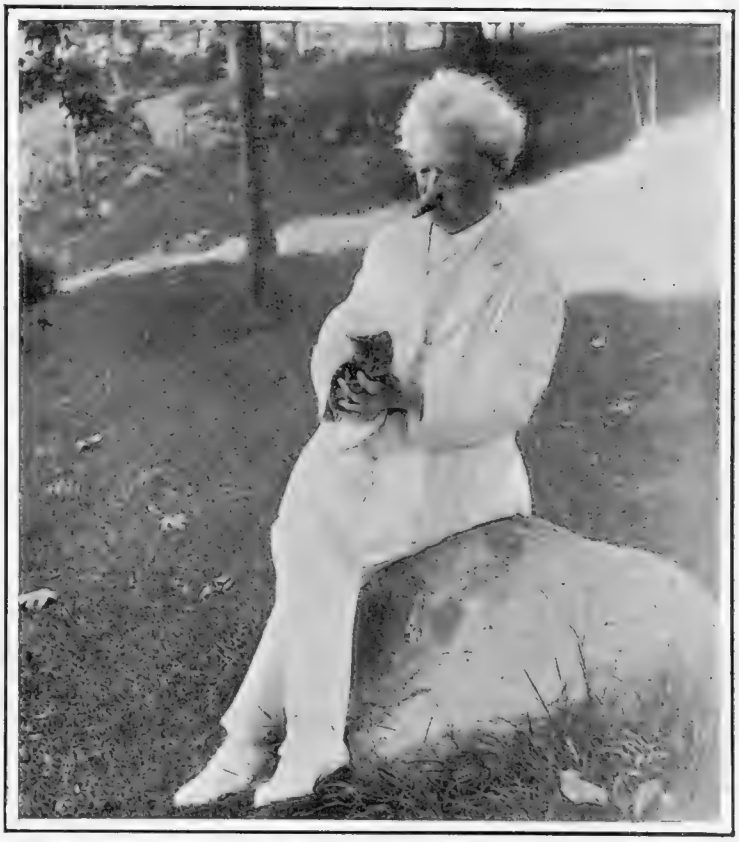
VIVIAN CARTER.

Miscellanea

A new novel of sea life is announced by Messrs. Duckworth and Co., which describes with considerable realism the life on board an emigrant ship in the 'eighties, bound for Australia. The author, Mr. Robert Elliott, whose story of a voyage in the China seas, "Hi-You," attracted much attention last year, is an Irishman who is known for the striking series of articles on "Art in Ireland," which appeared lately in a Dublin weekly. The title of Mr. Elliott's new book is *Act of God.*

In his new novel, *An English Girl*, Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer has developed an idea that at the present moment is more than commonly interesting—no less than the attempt to benefit mankind by a young American millionaire of English tastes and upbringing, by means of the fortune which he believes his father to have unscrupulously obtained. The scene is laid partly in London and partly in New York.

Mr. John Long invites the attention of the public to the *Carlton Classics*, a series of reprints from the great English masterpieces in poetry, history, biography, drama, and *belles lettres*. The essential and particular attraction of the *Carlton Classics* is that in price and excellence of printing and paper and binding they leave every existing series of reprints in the background.



Stereograph Copyright *Underwood, London and New York*

Mark Twain at his home, Tuxedo Park, playing with one of his rented cats

Mr. Clemens is so fond of cats that each summer he rents two or three. It is rumoured that one of his favourite occupations is to watch the little creatures sip milk from a fine and valuable gold cup which he recently picked up somewhere in England

Propagating Pinks

Pipings of pink struck earlier in the season may now be planted out. They are charming for covering the ground around taller plants which get rather bare at the base, and also for edging beds of all kinds, especially those containing roses. It is true that the pinks generally fade before the roses are quite at their best, but even when they are not in flower their grey-green foliage is very effective. After a few years the clumps get rather large and untidy and the flowers become smaller; they should then be replaced by younger and more vigorous plants. It is almost impossible to have too many pinks in a garden, and many of the best, such as Mrs. Sinkins, are admirably adapted for forcing. Early propagation produces the best results, but pipings may be inserted in sandy soil as late as October. They will root in the open ground, but more certainly in a cold frame or under a handlight. Cultivation is a simple matter, provided that the soil is free from wireworms. It is impossible to grow either pinks or carnations successfully when these pests are present, and if turfy loam is used it should be very carefully examined. Wireworms may be trapped by means of pieces of potato or carrot buried in the ground near the plants, with a stick inserted in each piece to mark its position, but it is not easy to get rid of them entirely.

Pot Plants for Winter

Early cinerarias ought now to be transferred to their flowering pots. They are valuable for supplying colour in the conservatory at a time when flowers are scarce. If the older kinds are rather stiff, this cannot be said of Stellata, of which there are many beautiful varieties. Cinerarias, like calceolarias, which require the same treatment, are very liable to be attacked by aphides, but such attacks may be cured—or, better, prevented—by vaporisation at intervals. They are seldom serious if the plants are kept healthy by means of good cultivation. The chief points are a cool temperature and careful attention to watering. Too much moisture is as bad as too little, and a hot, dry atmosphere is fatal to success. A temperature of 45 deg. is quite high enough in winter. Primulas and cyclamens may be associated with cinerarias, the cyclamens being allotted the warmer end of the house. It is generally advised that they should be grown close to the glass in order to keep the growth dwarf and sturdy, but as plants with long leaf-stalks and tall flowers are often useful for grouping with others, a few may be grown specially for this purpose. But the best of all pot plants for winter are the fibrous-rooted begonias, especially Gloire de Lorraine, which produces quantities of pink flowers for months. It requires a fairly high temperature, otherwise in a moist atmosphere the stems are apt to decay, but if the conditions are favourable, it retains its beauty for a wonderfully long time. Every conservatory should also contain a few plants of Schizanthus wisetonensis. The seeds should be sown now in small pots, the seedlings afterwards reduced to one to each pot. The flowers are white, pink, and reddish-brown, and, though small, are borne in such profusion that size is of no consequence.

H. C. Davidson.

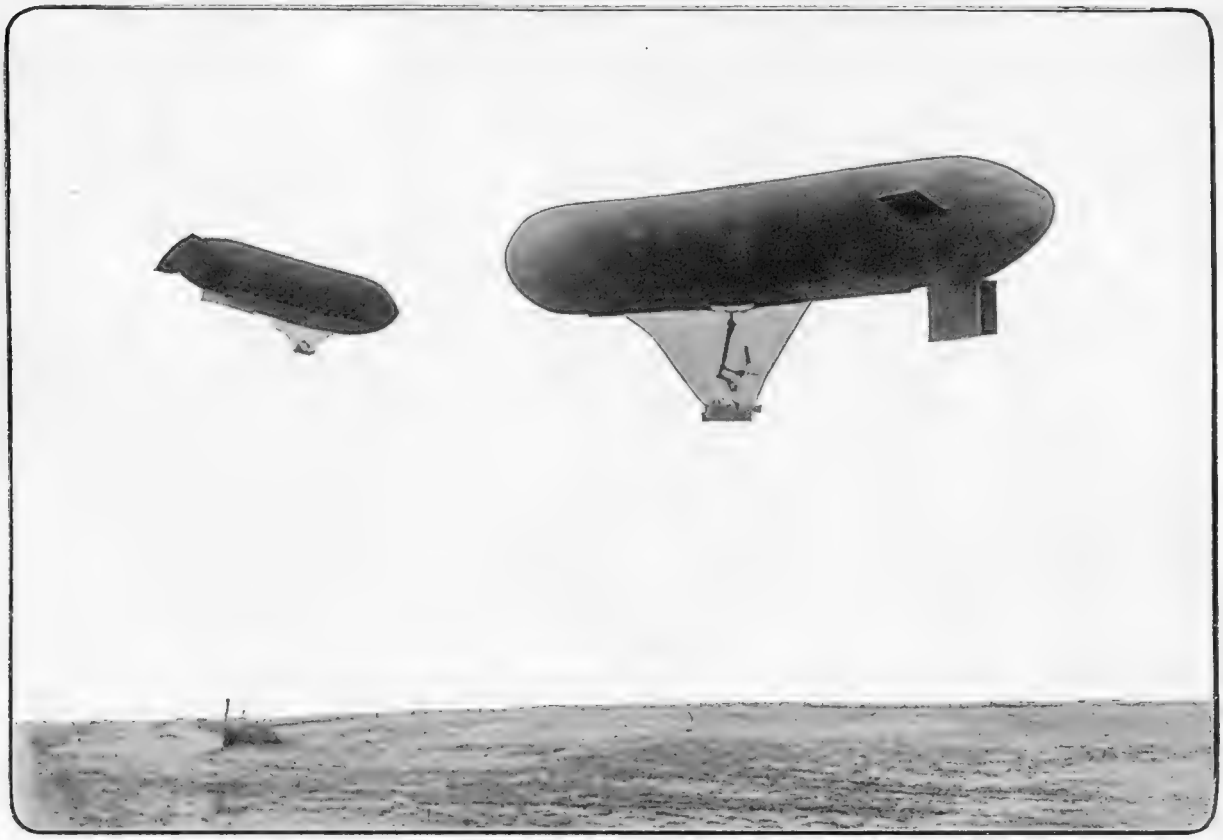
Pinks as an Attractive Edging for Rose Beds

National Band Contest

The National Brass Band Contest is fixed for September 28, at the Crystal Palace. The 1,000-guinea trophy test piece is "Gems from Schumann," selected and arranged by Mr. William Short. I have been favoured with a copy of the conductor's score, and from a cursory glance should say the arrangement was most excellent. Schumann is not a composer one hears too much of in the hands of Brass Bands or otherwise, and the knowledge that a selection from his works is to be the *pièce de resistance* of the Band Festival should serve to attract many who would not under ordinary circumstances be disposed to lend their presence.

Who Will Rule the Air?

THREE PROBABLE STARTERS IN THE GREAT RACE FOR SUPREMACY



GERMANY

Photo *Topical Agency*

The new German military airship (on the left), accompanied by the Parseval, manœuvring in mid-air

The great contest for the dominion of the air has now brought three Powers into rivalry. France led off with the successful *La Patrie*; Germany followed suit with a product of her own genius. It is now announced that Britain is, very deliberately, "about to begin." Very soon the trials of the new airship will be started at Aldershot, where Colonel Capper and Colonel Templar have for some time past been secretly engaged on it. Its first appearance is eagerly awaited, and Londoners expect to be treated to as satisfactory an exhibition of British prowess in the arts of aerial warfare as Parisians were of French, in the recent manœuvring of *La Patrie* over Paris

FRANCE

Photo *Topical Agency*

The new French military airship, "La Patrie," manœuvring in mid-air over Paris

BRITAIN

Photos *Topical Agency and Thomas*

The new British military airship manœuvring in mid-air over London
(An intelligent anticipation)

Golf Notes and Notions

Recent Professional Golf

There has been quite a plethora of professional competitions lately, of which the faithful chronicler of golfing events must take note. The most important of these doings was the meeting promoted by the Blackpool Golf Club. Ten of the leading professionals were invited by the Club to compete for prizes of goodly amount, running from £40 for the first to £15 for the fourth and last man, with a special prize of £10 for the best eighteen-hole score in the preliminary scoring competition. The Club gave, in total value, prizes to the amount of £115. I mention these sums for the particular purpose of drawing attention to the valuable prize-money which the modern professional can gain apart from the Open Championship, which, a few years ago, was practically the only competition holding out a prospect of money-making outside his usual work to the professional.

A Tom Tiddler's Ground

Golf, in fact, has become a veritable Tom Tiddler's ground to the outstanding professionals, such as Massey, Braid, Taylor, Vardon, and some others. I know nothing of the Blackpool course, and my "Nisbet" only tells me that "one hundred acres of land have been acquired on lease, and an excellent eighteen-hole course is now open." This is vague, and may mean anything. Judging by Braid's 65 and Harry Vardon's 69, as well as by the fact that no score above the seventies was returned, I should imagine that the course was on the short side, but was well kept. Especial interest was lent to the occasion by the presence of Massey, his first appearance at an important function since his triumph at Hoylake. He failed to qualify for the final match-play part of the tournament, which was limited to the first four, these being Harry Vardon, Rowland Jones, Pulford, and Herd, but he had the satisfaction of beating both Braid and Taylor by two strokes. The ultimate winner proved to be Harry Vardon, who defeated Jones in the first match and Herd in the final, this latter match being very close, and only won by one hole. Harry Vardon thus secured £40, and also the special prize of £10 for his score of 69. I heartily rejoice in this success of Vardon, who has not been favoured by fortune during these latter years. In a supplementary Consolation Tournament for the men who failed to qualify, Braid returned the remarkable score of 65, which proves that his loss of form at Hoylake was purely temporary. Taylor was second, Massey tying for third place with Duncan.

The Skegness Match

Thus early was foreshadowed the result of the match between Taylor and Massey at Skegness, which has been awaited with considerable interest, as a duel between the two leading men at Hoylake. On this occasion Taylor got his own back. At one time he was as much as 5 up, but Massey improved in his putting, which, strangely enough, for him, was very faulty at the start, and he only finished 2 down on the first round. Early in the second round he got square, and from that moment the match must have been most exciting. The psychological moment, or crisis of the match, occurred at the ninth hole of the second round, where Massey committed an error of judgment in taking a brassie for an awkward lying shot, with the result that he put himself out of bounds and lost the hole. After this, Taylor never gave him a chance, and finally defeated him by 3 and 2. It is comforting to know that the great men commit errors of judgment just as we lesser mortals do, although a long experience in watching Open Championships causes me to regard such occurrences without surprise. The Skegness course, from all accounts, must be a very fine one. It is over 6,000 yards in length, and should be well worth a visit from the travelling golfer on the look-out for something new in the way of links. It is evidently a true seaside course, with the fine, short, springy turf which is only found in perfection near the sea.

Another Challenge

Meantime, Ray has been challenging Massey; surely a vain provocation, seeing that Massey cannot come to terms with Braid, and has relegated this possible, but not probable, match to the month of April next—a polite golfing equivalent, I should say, for the Greek Kalends in this particular case. Personally, I think our men, in view of the numerous professional competitions and exhibition matches, might leave Massey alone, and allow him to enjoy his Championship honours in peace. Let them devote their energies, as at Blackpool and Skegness, to beating him whenever a prearranged occasion gives them the opportunity of meeting him. If anyone is entitled to challenge him it is surely Taylor, who finished second to him at Hoylake. But I fancy Taylor has too great an admiration of Massey's play to wish to diminish the glory achieved by the Frenchman at Hoylake, although, as Skegness proved, he is just as capable as Braid, or any other, of doing the trick.

A Foursome

Rowland Jones and A. H. Toogood are settling their differences with Ralph Smith and Tingey. It will be remembered that these were the finalists in the London Professional Foursome Tournament, the final match of which was never played owing to inability on the part of Jones and Toogood to put in an appearance at the proper date. The prize was claimed by Smith and Tingey, and adjudged to them by default. This gave rise to a good deal of criticism at the time, and the respective parties to the dispute have now been afforded a chance of settling old scores in a match of 108 holes over three courses in the Isle of Wight. The first match was played over the Bembridge course, where in thirty-six holes Jones and Toogood finished 4 up, a comfortable lead for the most likely winners. Eventually, Jones and Toogood proved too good (no pun intended) for Smith and Tingey. They increased their lead to 11 holes at the Needles, and won the match at Sandown by 12 and 10 to play.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

GAMES AND PASTIMES

PEDESTRIANISM

A Notable Record

The last week of August was rendered memorable in the annals of pedestrianism by the breaking of a competition record of extreme venerableness. This was the record for the London Athletic Club's seven miles walking Challenge Cup—54 min. 22 sec.—made as far back as 1876 by H. Venn. In these progressive days there are not many records of thirty odd years standing to be found knocking about; but this one was an exceptionally tough one, and even F. B. Thompson had to take two shots at it. Last year he had a try, but though he won the Cup all right he was $^1/_5$ sec. short of the record. This year, however, he managed, by walking at a wonderfully uniform pace throughout, to do the seven miles in 54 min. 17 sec., or five seconds better than Venn's long-standing time.

LAWN TENNIS

Kow-Towing to the Cracks

I return this week to the subject of the way in which tournaments are "run," as discussed recently by Mr. Wallis Myers in the *Daily Mail*. His contention that the common practice of "cooking" the draw ought either to be legalised, or put a stop to, is almost irrefutable, as I endeavoured to show last week. But his indictment goes further than this. He complains that tournaments are run—not only in the matter of "cooking" the draw, but in other respects — entirely in the interests of the good players, and deplores the fuss which is made over them to the detriment of the weaker brethren. The good players, he says, get the best courts, the most convenient times for play, new balls whenever they want them—in fact, the best of everything. And as a result he says, in effect, that they are like a lot of spoilt children.

The Prince's Gift
The silver cup which has been presented by the Prince of Wales to the All-England Lawn Tennis Club

Does It Spoil Them?

So far as their getting the best of everything goes, there is no gainsaying this proposition. And after all, if it is an evil, I doubt whether there is any remedy for it. The methods of trade unionism are (perhaps fortunately) not applicable to sport; and it is almost inevitable that the best man at any game or pastime should have the best time. The old saying that good people are scarce holds good in the case of most games and particularly of lawn tennis, nor can the tendency to make much of the few that are really good be wondered at, although it partakes of the nature of hero-worship. Then comes the further question: How are these few affected by the fact that they are heroes? Are they such spoilt children as Mr. Myers would have us believe? Some of them, doubtless, are; but my own experience is that, as a class, they stand their spoiling remarkably well, and that they set an example which some who have not quite attained to their eminence might do worse than follow. On the other hand, I think that, even if it is only natural that the best players should get the pull all round, more consideration ought certainly to be shown for the inferior players. They (and their entrance fees) form the indispensable nucleus of every tournament, and if they cannot be worshipped as heroes, they ought, at least, to be cultivated as friends. Some of the tales which come to my ears of the way in which the rank and file of players are treated cause me to marvel that the entries at some tournaments are as large as they are. The conclusion is that lawn tennis players are a long-suffering race whose ardour is not easily damped, but that the still, small voice of the reformer ought not on that account to be ignored.

Breaking the Seven Miles Record
The seven miles record of 54 min. 22 sec., made in 1876 by H. Venn, has just been broken by F. B. Thompson, of the London Athletic Club

The Irish Golf Champion: Mr. Douglas Brown

In the final round of the Irish Golf Championship last week, Mr. Douglas Brown defeated Mr. Sydney Fry by 2 up and 1 to play

CROQUET

M. Barry Wins the Champion Cup

The Champion Cup Competition, which was played off at Roehampton last week, presented many features of interest. It was actually won by M. Barry, but only after a tie with R. J. C. Beaton, who like Barry, had won fourteen games in the course of eighteen rounds. This total of wins has been equalled before, but never exceeded, and, moreover, if Beaton had been successful in the deciding tie with Barry, he would have been the winner both of the Open Championship and the Champion Cup in the same year, a feat which no player has yet succeeded in accomplishing. As a matter of fact, a victory for Beaton would have been more in accordance with the fitness of things, for he is generally regarded as the most consistent player of the year, and last week he certainly lived up to his reputation. The prominent position taken by Barry, on the other hand, came to most people as a surprise, for he is a player rather of the dashing order, and, therefore, less likely to do well in a prolonged series of matches than a man of Beaton's absolute consistency. However, *audentes Fortuna juvat*, and Barry was certainly aided by the smiles of the fickle goddess, for it was a rather lucky shot at a critical point which gave him his win over T. J. Considine in the sixteenth round, while in the seventeenth his opponent, Launder, when finishing the game, ran the wrong hoop.

Some Facts About the Competition

It was pretty generally conceded this year that the C. A. Committee did their work well in the task of choosing the selected ten. Of those originally selected, C. L. O'Callaghan, H. S. Butson, O. R. Richmond, and C. Corbally cried off, their places being filled by C. E. Willis, H. C. Launder, Miss Coote, and Miss Rowley. Another of the great ones of the game, C. D. Locock, has played so seldom this year that his omission from the list was quite unexpected. Of the remaining players engaged, it may be noted that G. H. Woolston (who finished equal third with T. J. Considine and H. C. Launder) holds the unique record of three wins in this event (1902, 1903, and 1906), while Mr. and Mrs. Beaton have each won it once in 1905 and 1904 respectively. The innovation of using 3¾ in. hoops of ⅝ in. thickness was voted a success, and the small number of games which were won without the opponent ever getting possession proved this. It has been suggested that this competition, being played upon the American principle, lends itself to collusion, but quite apart from the fact that the sporting spirit in which croquet is played by its best exponents negatives such an idea, it is an absurd one on the face of it. In the Champion Cup every player is on his (or her) mettle, and the world is looking on. The contest for the eighth or ninth place is just as keen as for the first or second, and those minor frauds which are sometimes perpetrated at garden-party lawn tennis tournaments are not worth the undertaking in a big event of this kind.

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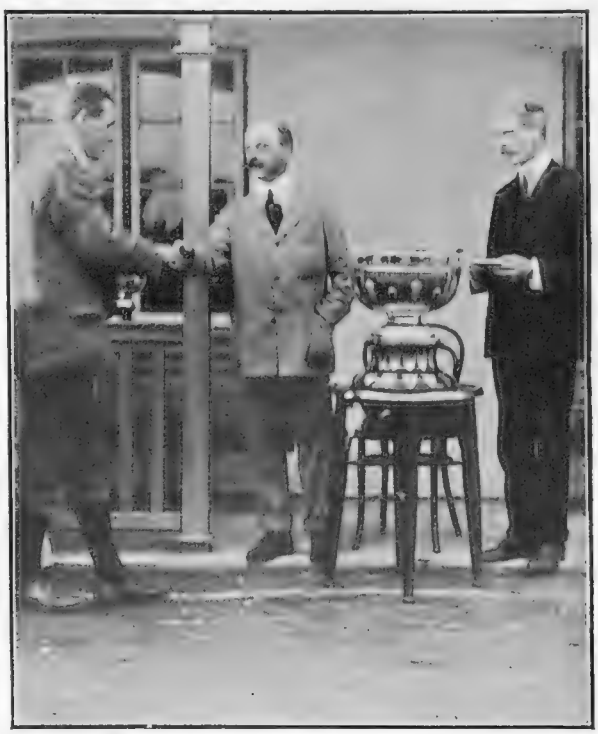


Congratulating the New Irish Champion

Mr. Flint, who presented the prizes after the Irish Golf Championship matches at Portmarnock, congratulating Mr. Brown, the winner

RACING NOTIONS

THE ST. LEGER.

By "CARBINE"

The Great Race of the North

In anticipation can be heard the famous Yorkshire roar which accompanies the finish of the St. Leger. Unequalled for sporting enthusiasm, the hundreds of thousands who annually foregather on Doncaster's Town Moor know how to celebrate a stirring race, and the winner of the important struggle on Wednesday may be sure of the usual acknowledgment, whether favourite or outsider. But which horse will the crowd cheer to victory? Will it be the favourite, Wool Winder, who has only once been beaten this year, and has proved himself a stayer of undoubted quality? Will it be Roi Hérode, who has come from France in an endeavour to repeat the successes of Gladiateur and Rayon d'Or? Will it be Glass Doll, who so unexpectedly won the Oaks, and is a trim filly of wire and whipcord likely to be suited by the St. Leger course? Will it be Altitude, who fairly startled us by her victory over Qu'appelle at York, thereby affording an instance of the extraordinary way in which fillies improve in the autumn? Will it be a candidate from the Manton stable, always so formidable in long distance races? Or will it be some other outsider like Hymethus, who is to be ridden by the French jockey Stern, who won on Troutbeck last year. Or the improved Larig, or Bezonian? These are the questions which visitors to Doncaster are now asking themselves. Many are firm in their faith of Wool Winder, but the memory of the downfall of Keystone II last year, is not exactly stimulating to the supporters of the favourite.

Favourites in the St. Leger

The fascinating history of the St. Leger tells of many beaten favourites. The course is one of the most searching in the world, and no horse can win the race unless his staying powers are exceptionally good. Indeed, I always think that the St. Leger, and not the Derby, is the supreme test for the three-year-old thoroughbred. Both sexes come more into rivalry at Doncaster than they do at Epsom, and the ideal race is that in which the Derby winner and the Oaks winner come together to settle the question of superiority. Fortunately, the issue is seldom so cut and dried as it was in 1886, when Ormonde started one of the hottest favourites that the Leger has ever known, and triumphed untouched by whip or spur. The race was much more open in the following season, when Kilwarlin horrified his backers by refusing to start with the others, thereby losing 150 yards, yet the contest was run at such a crawling pace that Lord Rodney's horse managed to get up and win after all. Warm favourites defeated since Kilwarlin's year include Ayrshire, Heaume, Orme, Ladas, Jeddah, Volodyovski, and Keystone II. Altogether, the statistics of the race go to show that the odds are about 6 to 4 against the favourite winning, simply because he *is* the favourite. But what does the St. Leger crowd care about statistics? Bygones are bygones so far as the racing man is concerned. If one favourite is beaten, all the more reason for dashing on the next. That is his theory. Thus Wool Winder has plenty of bold supporters, and if we look carefully over the season's form it is hard to say how he can be beaten.

A Forecast of the Result

Of course, the great puzzle of the race is Roi Hérode. This may be merely a moderately good colt, or something much better. There is really nothing in his form to decide one way or the other. His best race was when he was second to his stable companion, Querido, who has accompanied him to Doncaster, with a view to competing for the Cup on Friday. One thing in favour of Roi Hérode is that he has been substantially backed, and M. Caillault is decidedly hopeful of repeating that notable success which he gained at Chester with Querido. There is nothing to show us that Roi Hérode can beat Wool Winder, but, obviously, it would be unwise to ignore the Frenchman altogether, and my advice to supporters of the favourite is to back the grey colt for a place. At the moment of writing, it is uncertain whether Comus will be among the starters; and so, as a likely outsider to be backed "both ways," I recommend Larig, who impressed me very much by the way in which he won his race at York. My forecast of the finish is as follows: **Wool Winder, 1; Larig, 2; Roi Hérode, 3.**

The Cup, and Other Doncaster Races

Many people will find the Doncaster Cup, on Friday, almost as interesting as the St. Leger. Great horse as The White Knight unquestionably is, it is asking him a big question to concede 10 lb. to such fine stayers as Radium and Querido, while Torpoint and Velocity, also magnificent horses, meet him practically on equal terms. Still, my faith shall be with **The White Knight** until I see his colours lowered, and best of the others I like Querido. On Wednesday the Rufford Abbey Plate may be won by **San Miniato**, and the Cleveland Handicap by **Lally.** He is a lucky man who finds the winner of that furious sprint, the Portland Handicap, but Melayr is in good form, and may be best to follow on Thursday. The Scarborough Stakes may fall to Violante, while, on the following day, **Spinning Solly** may take the Prince of Wales's Nursery, in spite of his great weight, the danger being **Forelock.**

THE NEWLY DISCOVERED TOMB

OF QUEEN TII.

SEE THIS WEEK'S "GRAPHIC."

AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

British cars cut a poor figure, somehow, in all the great International contests wherein they take part. I believe I am right in saying that, except for the one solitary occasion in 1902, when Mr. S. F. Edge won the Gordon-Bennett Cup, the British production has absolutely nothing of major importance placed to its credit. The Napier and Rolls-Royce have won good races in America, but nothing has been achieved to give the British industry the world-prestige which France, Germany, and now Italy, enjoy. The Italian manufacturers are undoubtedly pre-eminent at the present time with the Fiat, the Itala, and the Isotta-Fraschini, not to mention others. Every race worth winning during the present season has been a clean scoop for our Italian friends. The latest important race, the Florio Cup, has again proved their superiority in the art of finishing first in an International race, an Isotta-Fraschini, driven by Minoia, having beaten a Benz car by nearly ten minutes, though, as the Benz cars finished second and third, they can congratulate themselves on a good performance.

* * *

I do not want to suggest that a specially designed racing car got ready regardless of expense necessarily proves that it must be the best make to buy when one requires a car for touring purposes—not merely for scampering round Brooklands at 100 miles an hour. Indeed, the best tests are provided for the prospective purchaser of a touring car in the severe reliability trials held by the Scottish and Irish automobile clubs, and this next year by the Royal Automobile Club. At the same time, the British manufacturer has got to realise that this sort of competition is not followed with any interest by the foreigner. All he cares about is the winner of some big

Car-icature—No. XLIII.: His Grace the Duke of Beaufort

One of the best all-round sportsmen in the kingdom, and M.F.H. of the famous Badminton Hunt, the Duke was one of the first to use the motor when going to the Meet

By Alick P. F. Ritchie

18-28 H.-P. MERCÉDES, hood, shield, special body, detachable tonneau, £425; 10-12 H.-P. PEUGEOT, 1906, side entrance, gate change, hood, and shield, £275.—Corry Hurford, Ltd. (379 Mayfair), 171, Great Portland Street, W.

H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W., close to Victoria Station. Sole Concessionnaires for Nagant-Hobson and Decauville Cars, Jenatzy Tyres, and Pognon Plugs. Garage always open.

Photo *Press Photo Company*

U.S.A. Government White Steam Car: Mr. Taft, the American Secretary of War, on his way to visit the President at Sagamore Hill

While President Roosevelt is in residence during the summer at Sagamore Hill, near Oyster Bay, two 30 h.-p. White Steam cars are kept specially for the conveyance of official visitors to and from the station, some miles distant. They meet every train, and, in addition, perform countless other missions for the Secret Service men and other officials at the "Summer Capital"

"When Doctors Differ"

MARIENBAD "CURES"

WHY ANTIPON IS THE ONLY PERMANENT CURE FOR OBESITY

The Society gossiper of a leading London newspaper writes :—

"It is extraordinary the number of different cures that are being taken at Marienbad this year, and every doctor seems to have a special cure of his own to recommend. One lady here eats nothing but potatoes, and is said to be doing well, while another has reduced her weight by many pounds simply by living on milk (!). Some doctors allow their patients to eat raw fruit; others declare it to be a deadly thing to do so."

This will be interesting reading to sufferers from obstinate obesity who have been contemplating a "cure" at Marienbad, whether for obesity or gout, which are twin evils, as a good many know to their cost!

There is not the least necessity for these expensive trips. And who can tell whether any good will result when doctors differ on the important question of diet, and so radically, too? What is required is that the tendency to excessive fat development shall be lastingly eradicated, and this is accomplished by a consistent course of the famous Antipon treatment when all other methods of fat reduction have ignominiously failed. The old-fashioned drugging and food-restricting methods are of no avail as permanent weight-reducers. You may half-starve the body into an unhealthy condition, and so lose flesh; where is the radical cure?

Antipon is perfect in every way. It requires the strengthening assistance of rational, wholesome meals. Its wonderful fat-absorbent properties are not less remarkable than its tonic properties, which are especially beneficial to the digestive system (always more or less affected by obesity). It promotes a keen, natural appetite and sound digestion. Thereby nutrition is perfected, and new, rich blood is made. Muscular development and increased nerve force must perforce be the result, but the renewal of abnormal fatty matter need not be dreaded, the tendency having been destroyed, as we have seen.

As a fat-absorbent, the extraordinary power of Antipon is almost immediately discernible, a decrease of 8oz. to 3lb. (according to individual conditions) being effected within a day and a night. This is followed by a reliable daily reduction until restoration of normal weight and prepossessing proportions, when the doses may cease.

Stout persons, especially those who have suffered for years from the extreme discomfort and humiliation of the obese condition, should avoid all the out-of-date dietary treatments for keeping down the weight, and all the drugs (mostly mineral), which are sometimes more dangerous than the disease; they should place no reliance on the treatments meted out at Continental resorts, but adopt the great and wholly successful Antipon treatment, which has brought back health and strength and beauty of form to hundreds of thousands of men and women. A liquid tonic, containing no trace of any mineral or other deleterious substance. Antipon can be taken at any hour without discomforting after-effects. It is even pleasant with a mineral water at table.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2*s.* 6*d.* and 4*s.* 6*d.*, by Chemists, Stores, etc.; or, in the event of disappointment, may be obtained (on sending remittance), carriage paid, privately packed, direct from The Antipon Company, 13, Olmar Street, London, S.E.

PUBLIC INTEREST IN ANTIPON

The great public interest in Antipon, which is now recognised by all competent authorities as the standard remedy for the permanent cure of corpulence, is evinced by the many brilliant notices which have appeared from time to time in the leading newspapers and magazines of the United Kingdom. The few following will afford the reader an idea both of the class of papers which have contributed to the subject of Antipon and the enthusiastic nature of their criticism.

The *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, in its issue of August 31st, says :—

"I must say a good word for the Antipon cure of obesity which I have reason to know has come off satisfactorily in a long-standing case. The advantage of this system is that it asks nothing in the way of sacrifice from the patient. Of irksome dietary restrictions there are none. Thus it is totally opposed to old-time remedies that starved the body into thinness and general debility. Antipon assists digestion and assimilation, and therefore nutrition is normal. There is a steady daily reduction until natural proportions and correct weight are permanently restored. By that time the subject will be so far improved in health and strength as to rival a healthy youth in physical and mental energy and in enjoyment of wholesome outdoor recreations. Being a liquid, agreeably tart and refreshing, Antipon is both pleasant and easy to take."

The *Tatler*, in its July 10th issue, says :—

Obesity Successfully Treated.

"It cannot be denied that obesity is not only a condition that is far from comfortable, but at the same time real harm may result by allowing this condition to remain. Thousands of stout persons have permanently regained normal weight and natural proportions by means of an admirable scientific treatment—to wit, Antipon—and at the same time have been restored to robust health and splendid vitality. The secret of the success of Antipon is that it has the peculiar power of subduing the tendency to excessive fat development, so that normal weight and symmetry are restored."

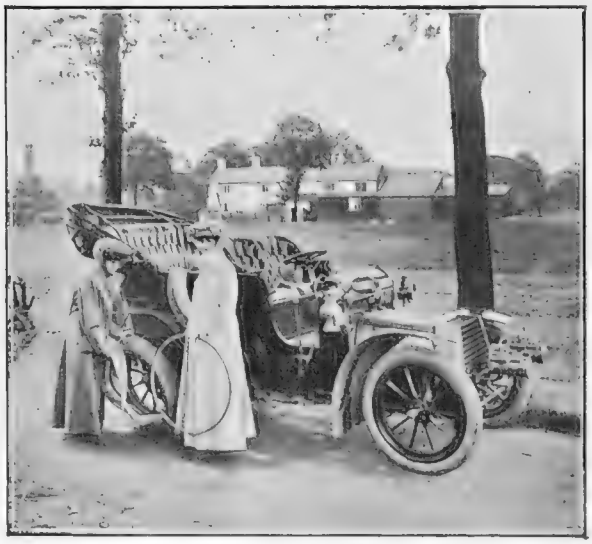
The *Sketch* says :—"This pleasant, rational, and most efficacious remedy may be warmly recommended to stout persons of both sexes, as much for health's sake as for the attainment of perfect elegance of figure."

The *Methodist Recorder* says :—"It is satisfactory to know that Antipon is the practical result of a specialist's researches and discoveries, so that reliance can be placed upon its efficacy."

The *Lady's Pictorial*, in its July 27th issue, says :—

"Antipon, the well-known remedy for removal of superfluous flesh, is a very reliable weapon with which to fight against that dangerous increase in weight, which means loss of energy, of power, and of vitality. Within twenty-four hours it will effect a reduction in weight varying from eight ounces to three pounds, and a consistent daily decrease will set in until the cure is complete, when the doses can be discontinued. Antipon not only removes superfluous flesh, but destroys the tendency to form fat, and while eliminating the superfluous fatty matters, it tones up the system, increases the appetite, and improves the digestion. A stout lady will look years younger after a course of Antipon, and her general health will be improved. This invaluable remedy is sold by all chemists in bottles, the price 2*s.* 6*d.* and 4*s.* 6*d.* It can also be obtained direct from the Antipon Company, 13, Olmar Street, London, S.E., on receipt of remittance."

First Minute: Removing the flange



Second Minute: Exchanging the tube

The scenes on this page depict the ease and quickness with which a puncture can be dealt with if one's car is fitted with Moseley Detachable Tyres

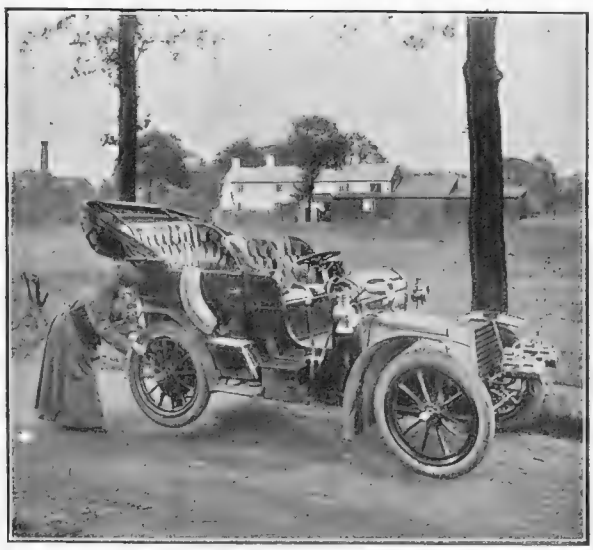
race. The Fiat, the Itala, the Mercédès, and the Renault, to name but four of the best known makes, are famous in every quarter of the inhabited globe. Yet I would wager that the Frenchman, American, or German, having a passing acquaintance with automobilism would probably find it extremely difficult to give the name of any one British-built car. In fact, the British car enjoys no sort of reputation outside the Empire, and that this should be, seems to point to a wholly wrong policy on the part of the leading manufacturers.

* * *

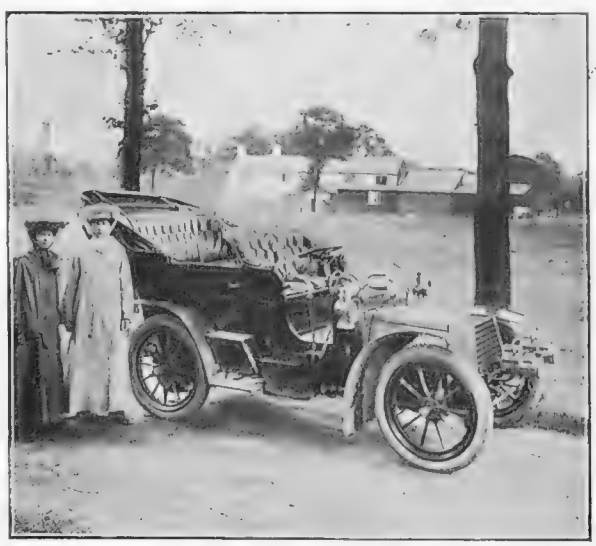
Far be it from me to seem to belittle the British car. I believe, and in good company too, that the British-made car has advanced by leaps and bounds, until to-day, if one wants real value for money, there is no need to go abroad. Nevertheless, I repeat that the policy of the large British manufacturers—a policy of "masterly inactivity"—is a wrong one, a short-sighted one. True, Mr. Weigel had the courage to enter two cars for the Grand Prix, and there are one or two other exceptions; but where are, generally speaking, the leading firms? The Rolls-Royce car is admirably designed, and yet it has never figured in a big contest. The firm did not even compete in the Tourist Trophy Race this year, because there was such a demand for their six-cylinder cars that they had no time to devote to racing. They were, in fact, resting on their laurels. The great Continental manufacturers are not similarly content to do so, though such giants might decide to follow this course with better excuse. The time is fast coming when the British motor manufacturer will have to look a little further than the tip of his nose, and the only way to build up a reputation for British-made cars is to defeat the giants of other nationalities in a few big races. To the great British firms—such as Napier, Daimler, Humber, Siddeley, Argyll, Iris, Talbot, Rolls-Royce

We can give early delivery of 35-40 H.-P. and 20-30 H.-P. WESTINGHOUSE chassis as well as complete cars fitted with landaulette, limousine, and open side-entrance bodies.—A. GAAL & Co., 17, Hanover Sq., London, W. Telephone: 2761 Mayfair.

MOTOR-CAR DRIVING AND MECHANISM for Ladies or Gentlemen given at an inclusive fee at the Victoria Street Garage and Showrooms, 94, Victoria Street, Westminster, various types of Cars being used for this purpose. Motor-cars for Hire.



Third Minute: Replacing the flange



Fourth Minute: Ready for the road again

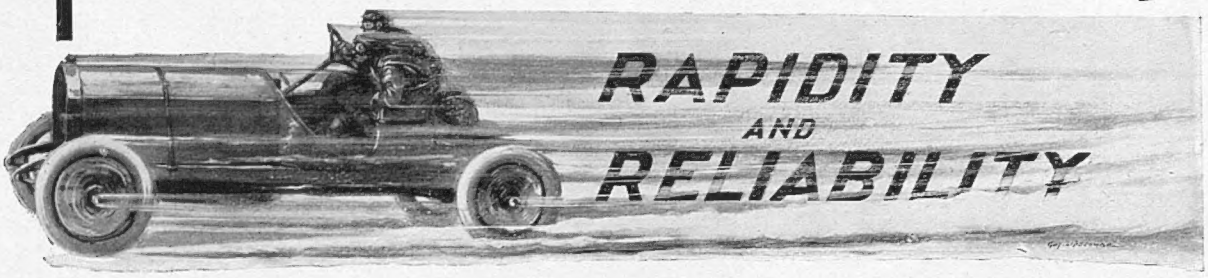
The rim consists of a hollow metal hoop, to which are secured at each edge removable side rings or flanges, manipulated by means of a turnbuckle, right and left-hand thread. The only tool needed to open the turnbuckle, when it is desired to take off a tyre, is a tommy-bar, about the size of an ordinary lead pencil

TYRE TROUBLES REDUCED TO A MINIMUM

ITALA

A DOUBLE TRIUMPH

Following the signal success of PRINCE BORGHESE in the great Pekin-Paris race, comes CAGNO'S victory in the Coupe della Velocita, thus clinching ITALA'S claim to fame.



Across the trackless Gobi desert the ITALA sped without a falter, proving its sureness.

In the Brescia race, CAGNO, despite wild weather, averaged 65 miles an hour, proving the ITALA'S unrivalled powers of speed.

ITALA

ITALA AUTOMOBILES, Ltd.,
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THREE NUNS
Tobacco

"Too good for any but anglers or very honest men."
Compleat Angler.

"King's Head" is similar to "Three Nuns" but it's stronger. Both are admirable smoking mixtures.

SWEET, COOL, FRAGRANT.

1 oz. packets, 2 oz. and 4 oz. tins, 6d. per oz.

Send a post-card (mentioning this paper) for a free sample of
"THREE NUNS,"
to the
IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO., LTD.,
St. Andrews Square, Glasgow.

—the Englishman looks to build up a reputation abroad which shall firmly establish this country's prestige in foreign eyes. All these firms build fine cars, all are splendid pieces of engineering design, all (I warrant) are *facile princeps* in the eyes of their several manufacturers, and so, since confidence is half the battle, why not build something which will defeat the foreign racing car, instead of wasting much of their substance in directions that are not anything like so profitable?

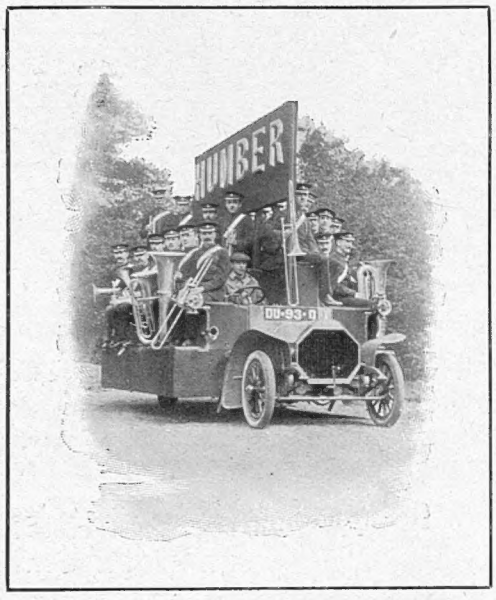
COMYNS BEAUMONT.

* * *

Car-icature—No. XLIII.: The Duke of Beaufort, M.F.H.

In common with several well-known motoring sportsmen—to wit, Mr. John Hargreaves, late Master of the Blackmore Vale Hunt—his Grace of Beaufort is a good man to hounds. As Master of the Badminton Hunt, the Duke of Beaufort, who forms the subject of this week's Car-icature, was one of the first gentlemen in England to utilise the motor when going to the meet. As his Grace once very pithily expressed it, "I like motoring to the meet. A car never overrides hounds." The Badminton Library, which, as all sportsmen know, is one of the most complete compendia of the literature of the chase, may be cited as but a single instance of the influence which the Somerset family has always exercised in the domain of sport. It is a hopeful sign that so prominent a figure of a sporting family as his Grace of Beaufort should have associated himself so closely with automobilism.

D. M.



A band on—but far from abandoned—car at Coventry

A fine testimony to the strain which a Humber chassis will stand is given above, the twenty-seven members of the Beeston Humber Silver Prize Band, composed solely of the members of the Humber staff, being mounted on the chassis of a 15 h.-p. Coventry Humber car

* * *

Miscellanea

In the last number of THE BYSTANDER, photographs were published of the Dunlop new detachable rim. The question of tyres is always of the utmost importance to the motorist, and the advent of the detachable rim, by which a punctured tyre may be exchanged in a few seconds for a new one, is an enormous boon. I need make no apology for referring to the Moseley detachable tyre. At the forthcoming Olympia Show there will probably be a large number of detachable types exhibited, but Messrs. David Moseley and Sons, of Ardwick, Manchester, have not only the credit of being the pioneers of the detachable in this country, but the principle of their rim is simple and effective, and thus excellent. The rim consists of a hollow metal hoop, to which are secured at each edge removable side rings or flanges, manipulated by means of a turnbuckle, right and left-hand thread. The only tool needed to open the turnbuckle, when it is desired to take off a tyre, is a tommy-bar, about the size of an ordinary lead pencil, but a large nail, a bradawl, or file-handle will do the trick. The outer cover of the Moseley tyre (which is made of the finest quality of rubber) contains within each edge an inextensible ring of fine flexible multi-stranded wire, in reality a series of rings. The inner tube is so shaped that, when deflated, it rests within the rim without touching any part of the outer cover. A noticeable feature about it is that, as no security bolts, levers, or tools of any description are needed, it is impossible to nip or pinch the tube. The tyre automatically adjusts itself by pumping, and remains immovably fixed. The tyre cannot creep, owing to the inextensible edges, which, by pressure, become locked to the rim. The photographs will show the simplicity of changing a Moseley tyre, a lady being easily able to do it in a few moments.

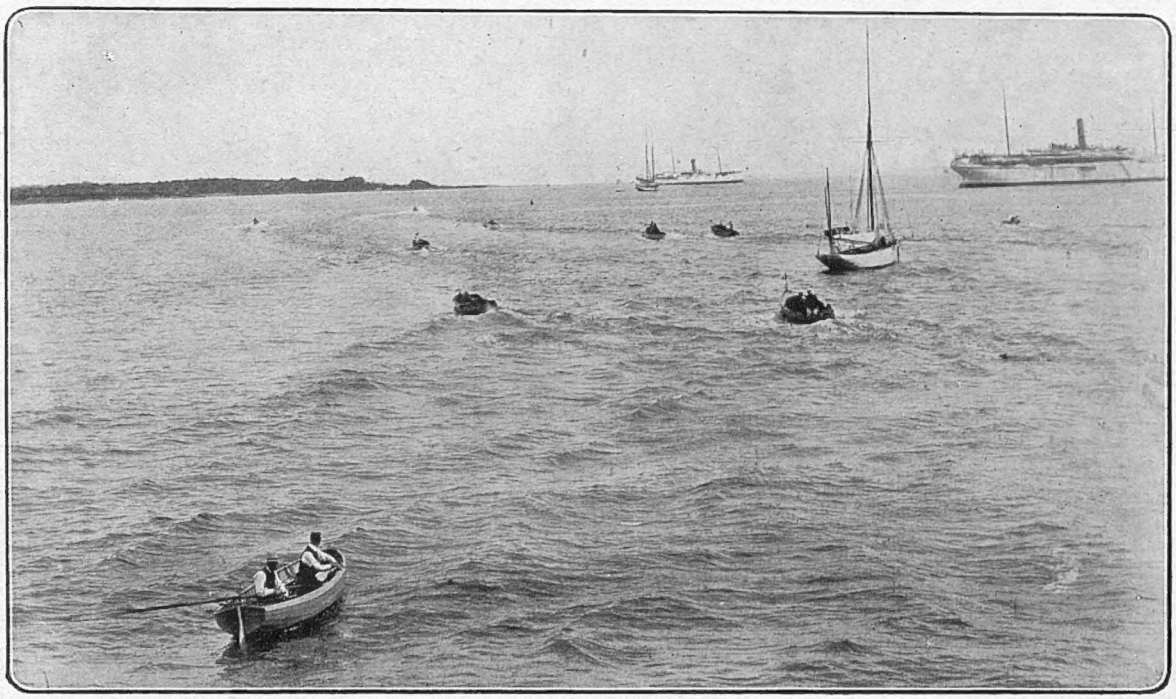


Photo *M. Dixon and Co.*

The Motor-Yacht Club's Regatta off Netley: The start for the third race

"EVERYBODY SMOKES" SERIES, No. 15.

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Lieutenant, Royal Navy.

"The MIXTURE OF MATCHLESS MERIT."

PLAYER'S "NAVY" MIXTURE

SOLD IN TWO STRENGTHS

MILD, 5d. per oz. MEDIUM, 4½d. per oz.

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JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham, will forward testing samples post free to applicants mentioning this paper.

TESTIMONY!

By Special Appointment to H.M. The King.

By Appointment to H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.

DAIMLER

Sunday, August 25, 1907.
Alloa House,
Alloa, N.B.

The Countess of Mar and Kellie presents her Compliments to Mr. Instone and begs to thank him most warmly for his kindness in having placed a Daimler Motor at her disposal through Mr. Lancelot Lowther.

The motor has been most useful and is a splendid machine, and was very well driven by the Chauffeur sent with it.

The Daimler Engines are worthy of all praise, and they are splendid hill-climbers, and from what Lady Mar knows of them, most durable. She once more begs to thank Mr. Instone very much for his great kindness in sending one of his motors up here this week. The Car is being returned tomorrow (Monday), the 26th, and Lady Mar hopes that it will not have suffered in any way during its Northern Trip.

— THE —
Daimler Motor Co. (1904) Ltd.
COVENTRY: Daimler Works.
LONDON: 219-229, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.
MANCHESTER: 60, Deansgate. NOTTINGHAM: 96-98, Derby Road. BRISTOL: 18, Victoria Street.

AVON TYRES

AI at Lloyds

so far as motor vehicles go, means first of all that good tyres must be fitted, for a great proportion of accidents and vexatious delays are due to imperfect tyres.

Whatever the build of your car, demand **Avon Tyres,** English made, the safest and most scientific in construction, *A1 at Lloyds.*

In all standard sizes from 65 m/m to 135 m/m, round and square treads, and with non-slipping cross grooves. Write for our Catalogue, which gives all particulars, to—

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The Avon India Rubber Co., Ltd.,
MELKSHAM, WILTS.

A Woman's Note Book

Another Pageant!

We have had pageants and pageants. Personally, I think the craze is lasting too long; but, nevertheless, up to now it has amused vast concourses of people, and a certain suitability has characterised it. The Isle of Wight exhibition must have been romantic in its picturesque surroundings, the scenes at Oxford were really beautiful, sleepy St. Albans had an Abbey, "the ugliest and most interesting in England," and an ancient name to account for its sudden uprising. But we think with a shudder that the disease is to infect London. Not that London has no ancient history, no monuments, no landmarks of the past; but those are all submerged in motor-cars and money-making, and we could scarcely imagine a pageant which was not "moved on" by the police. Many people argue that Chelsea, the chosen locality for next year, being a comparatively remote part of the Metropolis, can well sustain these pictorial scenes, especially as they are to be held in the gardens adjoining the hospital. There is also an idea that this spot possesses a suitability on the ground of its general appearance, for it is supposed to be romantic, and you can still get postcards which make it look as nice as it may have done—once. Chelsea is no longer romantic, it is merely dilapidated, and the introduction of a pageant into its very heart is only another sign of that love of the incongruous which makes our Capital so patchy.

Good-bye to the Stage?

It is to be hoped that Miss Denise Orme's marriage with the Hon. John Yarde-Buller will not be the cause of her leaving the stage, where her singing and acting has delighted so many thousands. The above photograph shows her off for a spin on her Humber

London the Indispensable

I do not want to speak against London. If it is ugly, it is, nevertheless, indispensable to the English man—or woman. I pine when I am long out of it; I hail it with satisfaction as the train once more brings me into one of its large, and noisy, and unnecessarily ugly stations. I forgive its din, its dirt, its drabness, its want of manners, and its detestable habit of erecting the ordinary around its treasures, because it is—London. But London is a common-sense city, not a pictorial one—a kind of possession you like to have always by you; and that is why, if you don't actually live in it, you go there so exceedingly often. Londoners must have London, though they grumble at it freely; Parisians can do without Paris, and manage very well in other capitals, yet they feel an adoring, romantic affection for their own city, and you rarely hear them abuse it, or admit for a moment that it does not contain all perfection. Supposing you had two friends. One a good, friendly, ordinary person, whose moods you understood, who could always find anything you wanted, and was willing to do your odd jobs for you; and another, a little above daily uses, beautiful, brilliant, perhaps your ideal, always in your heart, but not invariably necessary to your comfort. Here are London and Paris! And since comparisons are odious, we will not make any. Probably, indeed, one city is as needful as the other.

A Tiresome Controversy

That tiresome controversy as to whether the housekeeping money belongs to husband or wife is still raging. It is so British. Unfortunately, we cannot continue to exist merely in the ideal. An English girl demands love, and, happily, she generally gets it; but worked out in detail she soon sees to the full the necessity of money. She is a mixture of woman and housekeeper, and unable to balance the elements—each excellent in itself—so that they shall work in unity, she allows one to clash with the other. The fault lies in the large preponderance of the ideal element during the engagement and early married stages. To marry for love is excellent, but that one should, therefore, omit common-sense is merely reprehensible.

The Business Side of Housekeeping

Every sphere of life has its business aspect, marriage perhaps more than others. A man recognises this clearly, so why should not a woman do so, and make, or have made for her, the necessary arrangements, so that half understood, debatable points cannot crop up a year or two later? I am of opinion that if the wife keeps the house in accordance with her husband's wishes, there cannot be much question of saving, and what little may be over few men would care to claim; but as the wife ought always to have a regular allowance for personal expenses independent of the money for the house, she might well put by the surplus of the latter, with her husband's knowledge, for extra expenses and the renewal of broken or worn out domestic property. Men in general are not so ungenerous about money matters as a few discontented or unlucky women would have us believe; but, nevertheless, a fair understanding at the outset on household affairs would do much to prevent future trouble. LADY PHYLLIS.